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The Standard.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS ON SLAVERY.

This little volume was an appropriate offering to his countrymen, from its gifted author at the close of the dying year. The voice of rebuke and warning, that has come so often from other sources, now calls to us in the sweet tones of the past; and it is a happy omen for our land that one of her favorite bards has tuned his harp in the service of his country. Never was there a nobler sphere for patriotism and philanthropy than lies before the true-hearted American, who seeks to wash from our national escutcheon the taint of oppression, and rescue a large people from the yoke of slavery. Mr. Longfellow has evidently written with a full heart—as feeling every truth he utters, and realizing every picture of sorrowful servitude which he so vividly portrays. He has taken as a motto for his volume the following lines from Massinger:

"The noble horse
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old and wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hewed for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; *but man to man more cruel,*
Appoints no end to the suffering of his slave."

The author might have appropriately added as a fitting inscription for the gloomy portals of slavery, the famous verse inscribed by Dante over the entrance to the infernal regions:

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."
Resign all hope ye who enter here.

It has more than once been the subject of complaint with our countrymen of the South, that the literature of the world was against them. This must ever be the case while they cherish what they are pleased to call "the Patriarchal Institution." How could the true poet sing the praises of slavery, and warm with the rapture of inspiration, while celebrating the beauties of such miserable despotism! Even among those born and bred in the midst of slaves, taught from their cradles to regard them as chattels, accustomed to see them treated like beasts of burden—nature has often revolted, and conscience refused to recognize the teachings of education. Law and custom are at times powerless to conquer the convictions of the soul; and from the pens of Jefferson, Pinckney, Randolph, and a host of others, have come forth the deepest condemnation of the system they were daily recognizing in their practice. Slaveholders then should not wonder at any degree of enthusiasm among us of the free North in favor of liberty; and it is high time that they awake from their delusive dream that by penal enactments or lawless violence, by legislative provisions, congressional rules, or braggart threats, they can crush the TRUTH. They may indeed impede her progress, and draw around them servile politicians to flatter them with lies, but let them remember that Truth, though neglected, forgotten, lives an undying life. Like the fabled Hebe, goddess of youth, she grows not old. Such as she was at the dawn of creation, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy—such is she now. Time, whose corroding fingers leave their impress on all the works of man, withers not a single leaf of the chaplet worn by Truth. Daughter of Heaven, attribute of God, she saw the birth of Chaos; and when the angel, standing upon the sea and upon the land, shall proclaim that *Time* shall be no longer, Truth will pervade the new heavens and the new earth that will rise in their glory upon the ruins of our globe, and bless with her immortal presence an universe that knows no limits, throughout an eternity that shall know no end.

The rapid extension of anti-slavery feeling is readily accounted for by the fact, that to minds rightly constituted, unperverted by prejudice or interest, the single ingredient of injustice in the composition of any system, outweighs all its apparent advantages. Of this, the history of every country affords noble proofs, and a beautiful illustration of the remark occurs to us as we write, from ALISON'S Europe. "If I possessed" said Legendre, in the conclusion of a powerful speech in favor of the families whose property had been confiscated by the revolutionary tribunals, "If I possessed one acre belonging to these unfortunate sufferers, never could I taste of repose. In the evening, while walking in my solitary garden, I would fancy I beheld in each rose-bud, the tears of an orphan whom I had robbed of its inheritance."

The first poem before us was addressed to William E. Channing, before his death. "Since that event," says Mr. Longfellow, "the poem is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man." The first three stanzas are these:

The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

Had Channing lived, his spirit, gentle as it was, would have needed no spurring in the cause of freedom, and the last effort of his genius was a noble offering for her altar. But though he has been called away in the midst of his labors, nor allowed to hear the glad tocsin of liberty sound throughout our land, and see the chains fall from the captive's limbs: being dead he yet speaketh, and his words live while the hand that indited them, is dust. His fame shall go down to future generations—not as the silvery-toned preacher, the intellectual philosopher, or the elegant critic, but as the warm-hearted philanthropist—the fearless abolitionist.

It is much the custom at the present day, with some of a purer faith, and more especially with Episcopalians, to speak slightingly and sneeringly of CHANNING. It is not as an Unitarian that we eulogize him; it is not his theology that we would promulgate. His errors of faith may God have forgiven. But Channing, with all his faults, is scarce a proper mark for the arrows of those, who, however correct their articles of belief, lack his great boldness and Christian independence; and for want thereof, frequently trample, in their practice, on the golden rule of life, and keep fast closed their coward lips, when duty calls upon them to speak, as with a trumpet. Channing, who in the face of persecution, stood boldly forth in defense of the slave, counting the censure of friends, the scorn of the world, and the loss of popularity, as of no account—is not to be robbed of his good name by men who, though robed in the vestments of the priesthood, and ministering at holy altars, trample upon their colored brethren even in the Church itself; who drive colored candidates and clergymen from their seminaries and their temples, as if the skin God had given them was a crime, and they had a right to say to each one of them, "stand by thyself! come not near me, for I am holier than thou!"—by bishops, who forget their vow to be "kind and merciful, for Christ's sake, to all poor and needy people, and all strangers destitute of help"—who lend their episcopal sanction to the vilest prejudice, the most wicked oppression, and attempt to bring odium upon the vindication of the most catholic doctrines of our Church, by the cry of "*Amalgamation!*" who, from southern pulpits, teach the people to enslave their brethren upon Christian principles, and act the tyrant in the name of God; and enforce their teachings by their own example, holding as slaves and chattels, the very sheep committed to their pastoral care.

We thank Heaven that there are noble exceptions to these remarks among our bishops, clergy, and laity. We rejoice that their number is daily increasing; and we would that all those who are yet bowing to the dust before popular prejudice, who sacrifice the unity of the Church, its holiest principles, and their own sacred duties to a wretched, miserable, and false expediency, might learn from Channing to rise from their crouching posture, and stand erect, with the dignity of men, and the confidance of Christians.

The next poem is, "The Slave's Dream," in which the sleeper revisits his home, on the Niger's banks, and is again surrounded by his wife and children. The concluding stanzas are spirited and powerful.

The forests with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter that the *soul*
Had broken and thrown away!

It will probably be a new idea to some that the slave has a soul; as in all pro-slavery arguments it seems to have been entirely forgotten in the single contemplation of his physical condition. At this, perhaps, we ought not to wonder, since there are so many thousands seemingly unconscious that they have any souls themselves; so many who pamper the body and starve the mind; who cherish the natural, and neglect the spiritual; who array in purple the perishable and earthly, and leave in utter nakedness, the immortal and the heavenly.

Next comes a poem—"The good part which shall not be taken away"—of one who had resigned wealth for conscience' sake.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her halls,
And labored in her lands:

And devoted herself to teaching a village school.

She read to them at eventide
Of one who came to save:
To cast the captive's chain aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells,
When all men shall be free;
And musical as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

Soon may that day dawn. The spirit of liberty is abroad in the world. It has shaken to the centre the hoary despotisms of Europe, and is it to sleep in the breasts of free Americans! It has undermined cruel institutions venerated for their antiquity, and admired as monuments of human wisdom, and is it to spare the petty despotism of domestic slavery? It has taught whole nations to weigh the worthlessness of artificial distinctions, and to learn the real dignity and inalienable right of man; and will it allow us to recognize the claim of republican slaveholders, to recieve from their unpaid dependants, in the language of the law, "*a respect without bounds, and an absolute obedience*"—homage which no man, with the spirit of a man, would voluntarily give or receive, and which the lordliest noble in aristocratic England, would not dare to demand from her meanest lacquey! The tone hitherto adopted in relation to slavery, will be listened to but little longer. Henceforth we will think for ourselves, and cease *jurare in verba magistri*—to echo the sentiments of southern masters. The mist that has obscured the minds of thousands, is fast rolling away before the light of truth. The spontaneous sympathies of our hearts will again flow in their natural channel; the incongruities of opinion, the inconsistencies of principle, will together disappear. We are accustomed to read with horror of the sacrilegious violation, by the French rabble, of the tomb of St. Denis and of the sepulchres of the kings of France, when the bones of their ancient sovereigns, Henry IV. Francis I. of Louis XII. of Turrenne, and Charles V. were scattered to the air, and the coffin of Du Gueslin was burst by violence, of whom the historian remarks, that "French hands profaned the skeleton before which English invasion had rolled back;" but what was the guilt or infamy of such profanation of lifeless dust, to the profanation by Christian hands, in our own country, of living souls; where the breathing image of the eternal God is sold for money, and the glorious handiwork of the Creator, with all its heaven-born faculties and powers, is reduced by selfishness and tyranny to be a chattel and a slave!

Another of the poems before us, is, "The Slave in the Dismal Swamp"—the hunted negro crouching in the brake, listening to a horse's tramp and a blood-hound's bay—a poor, old man, infirm and scarred with the brand of shame upon his forehead.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of liberty.

On him *alone* had the curse of Cain seemed to fall—hunted by his fellow-men like a noxious beast; verifying in our age the testimony of the emperor Julian, that "in his experience wild beasts were not so cruel to man, as the Christians of his day were to one another."* While Nature ever seems intended to add to human happiness by her gentle ministrations and soft influences—

Her sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Her melodies of woods, and winds, and waters—

and seed-time and harvest, in wonderful progression, return to bless us with the increase of the soil, man—proud, selfish, relentless man—civilized, Christianized, enlightened man—enslaves his poor, innocent, defenseless brother, and bows him beneath the galling yoke of unending bondage. The heaven smiles above, the earth rejoices in her loveliness, and all created things draw life and enjoyment from the universal air: the slaveholder alone has converted the world into a dungeon, and from the lust of gain reduced man, made in his Maker's likeness, to a crouching slave. He has robbed the new-born soul of its angelic purity, and stolen from helpless infancy the glory it hath brought from heaven. He has smothered the very beatings of the heart, and deadened every aspiration of that immortal soul. He has closed every avenue that his Father created, through which to pour light and knowledge into that eternal mind.

The next poem, "The Slave Singing at Midnight," thus concludes:

Paul and Silas in their prison
Sung of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an Earthquake's arm of might
Broke his dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what Earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

How naturally does the mind recur at the question here so beautifully put to those whose holy office it is to preach peace on earth, good will toward men, and deliverance to the captives; and how sad is the remembrance, that from *their* lips a condemnation of slavery has rarely come, and that in some cases the pulpit is the rostrum from which Christian priests sing its praises, and that at least one mitred bishop has listened approvingly, and published his admiration! A change, however, is at hand and is even now appearing, and Truth has gone forth conquering and to conquer. It has been truly said, that no vice can long exist without finding advocates, and we have verified by experience the ancient proverb, *veritas odium parit*—truth begets hatred. It is possible, therefore, that years may elapse before the last apologist for slavery, shall sing his last song in honor of oppression, or utter his last malediction upon the defenders of the right. But the seeds of truth have been planted in many minds, and as they blossom and produce fruit, new seeds will be disseminated to produce new harvests. Thousands have taken the first step toward the goal of freedom—the spirit of the age presses them onward, and henceforth their motto will be that of Hampden, "*nulla vestigia retrorsum*"—no steps backward.

As for a plan of emancipation, so often demanded, it is easy to perceive that a plan perfect in all its details would be unavailing, if the will were wanting to put it in operation. The moment a real desire exists on the part of the South to abolish slavery, there will be no lack of means suggested. To advocate any exclusive plan now, would be as unwise as it is unnecessary, for in a matter of expediency men will differ while in their determination to act justly and honestly they may agree. As the disciples of Socrates, learners of one philosophy, founded various schools, so those who adopt the same views in relation to slavery, may favor different plans for reducing them to practice.

One sound maxim in morals, which should ever be kept in view in maintaining the war between freedom and slavery, is, that "guilt and innocence depend upon motives and belief," but that right and wrong are determined by the unalterable laws of God; and while the good character of an individual does not prove the propriety or justice of his actions, so the actual sinfulness of a system does not always determine the degree of criminality in every one who upholds it. John Newton was a slave trader at the time he was regarded and believed himself to be a devout Christian.

The poems of Mr. Longfellow are free from personalities; they express no sentiment which the human heart, unshackled by prejudice, will not acknowledge, and use no language equal in strength to that of slaveholders themselves. The report of the synod of South Carolina and Georgia, in 1833, declares, "That negroes are destitute of the privileges of the gospel, and ever will be under the present state of things. * * They may justly be considered the heathen of this Christian country, and will bear a comparison with heathens in any country in the world, * * We are chained to a putrid carcase, (slavery,) it sickens and destroys us. We have a millstone around the neck of society to sink us deep in the sea of vice."

We are often told, and it will be still often repeated, that slavery is the *vulnus immedicabile* of our political system. Its apologists say they regret its existence, but that emancipation is hopeless. Even so does the drunkard speak, and would fain persuade us that his beastly habits are fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Thus did Augeas think when Hercules offered to cleanse his stables; and from these two examples may the philanthropist draw confidence in his power to conquer impossibilities. The virtues of cold water have, throughout the length and breadth of our land, transformed the sot into a man. The rivers of Peneus and Alpheus restored to purity the stables of the Elian monarch, and the stream of Truth from fountains of living water, rightly directed, shall wash forever from our borders, the huge accumulation of guilt and wretchedness, engendered and entailed by domestic slavery.

Space fails us to speak of the remaining poems of the collection. "The Witnesses," and "The Warning," each convey a deep lesson in the simple and beautiful verse which has gained their author so wide a fame. It is well that American genius in its fairest form should aid in adorning and advancing a cause so glorious as the anti-slavery movement, in the disinterested purity of its principles, and the boundless philanthropy of its ends. "I know not," writes the noble Englishman* who lately traversed our country, and who is eminent alike for his rank, his talents, and his character, "I know not in these latter days, of any other enterprise which combines so much of the spirit of lofty chivalry, with so much of the sobriety of genuine piety; which relies so closely on the logic of the most statistical calculations, and appeals so largely to the impulses of the most fervent humanity, which looks for such fruits on earth, and has such root in heaven." J. J.

* Viscount Morpeth.

* Gibbon.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CANADA MISSION.

To Messrs. GEORGE A. AVERY, LINDLAY M. MOORE, *and* O. N. BUSH, *Executive Committee of the Canada Mission:*

DEAR BRETHREN—Two years have elapsed since the mission of justice and humanity, among the self-emancipated refugees in Canada, was placed, by a large convention, at Le Roy, N. Y., under your supervision. During this period, our work, though subject to changes and fluctuations, favorable and adverse, has gone steadily forward.

The loving kindness of the Lord has crowned the efforts of the past year. The cause of emigration, from cruel oppression to the land of promise, has prospered. We venture to state, as a moderate estimate, that 1,500 of your countrymen have broken their fetters during the year, and are either safe in Canada, or safely sheltered in the midst of anti-slavery communities, on their way. The Everlasting Jehovah is evidently fulfilling his word of promise, "For the oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord: I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." We know not that a much larger number than usual have passed the provincial line the last year; but we are happy to know that the facilities for escape from slavery, have greatly increased in the free States. Vigilance committees have been doubly vigilant, and increasingly efficient, particularly on the Philadelphia and New-York route. It would seem as if they had received, afresh, the heavenly mandate—"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which has escaped from his master unto thee." How applicable is the language of Job to every faithful vigilance committee-man; "I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not I searched out." Nothing is more manifest than that a spirit of Samaritan-like kindness towards the wandering fugitive from slavery, is rapidly spreading and prevailing, which will soon mock the decision of judges, and the diabolical enactments of law-making sons of Belial. It is fast becoming unpopular, to aid and abet in the delivery of a human being into the *hideous fangs of slavery.* As evidences of this, we have but to cite the cases of Hackett and Latimer. The one has agitated the imperial as well as the provincial parliament of her Britanic majesty; the other has caused the old cradle of American Liberty to rock as by the convulsions of an earthquake.

In the case of the unfortunate Nelson Hackett, who, by stratagem and duplicity, was imprisoned five months at Sandwich, and conducted, under covert of night, across the Detroit river, and hurried thence into slavery, your agent has held a correspondence with the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and communicated to them such facts as the nature of the case would furnish. We trust that, hereafter, the British authorities will act, in similar cases, in accordance with the recent decision of Judge Morrow, of Missouri: "That a negro slave could not commit forgery, as, by the constitution and laws of the country, negroes are not recognized as *persons*, any more than any other animals." Thus can British jurists decide upon the *crime* of chattels mounting chattels, and riding away. It is easy to conceive of one chattel running away with another; but the question for her Britanic majesty's representative to solve, *is*, can a chattel *steal* a chattel? or can property steal property? John Bull will look deeply into the matter, before another Hackett case will occur.

Notwithstanding the fate of poor Hackett, the thousands of refugees in Canada, never have felt more secure, under the protection of British law, than at present. They generally observe the laws of the land as peaceable subjects, and are prospering under the mild and benignant sway of Victoria's sceptre. The government under which they have the happiness to live, dispenses favors to its subjects, of different hue, with an impartial hand. Hence, in one of the most inviting regions of the province, between the head of Lake Ontario and Lake Huron, colored emigrants are rapidly settling upon free grant lots, of fifty acres each, in common with emigrants from England, Scotland, and Ireland. Large numbers, in accordance with oft-repeated advice from our lips, are forsaking their menial and other occupations of cities and villages, and turning their attention to the more honorable and useful employment of husbandry. By reason of prejudice, which prevails among the ignorant and vicious in Canada, as on your side of the line, the common schools of the country are not generally open to them and their children; but public sentiment is gradually changing for the better. The government has taken far more efficient and liberal measures the past year, to promote education, than ever before; and in the general diffusion of the blessings of science, it is to be hoped that the colored population will have their full share.

The greatest difficulty we have experienced, has been, a want of means, with which to reward teachers for their services. Could British subjects be had to teach nine months in the year, they could readily draw government money, which would in part support them. During the first quarter of the year, eleven schools were in successful operation, which embraced about four hundred pupils. Most of these were suspended through the summer. I am sorry to say that, for want of teachers, and the means of supporting them, six important places, hitherto occupied, are vacant; to wit: Toronto, Niagara, St. Catharines, Colchester, London, and the Wilberforce colony. Fourteen laborers are now in the field, supplying, but in part, the need of so many thousands. They are variously occupied in doing good to the colored people. Their names and locations are as follows: Isaac J. Rice, Amherstburgh; Josiah Henson (agent) Colchester; William P. Newman, Elias E. Kirkland and wife, Fidelia Coburn, Sybil Clary, and Hannah M. Wilson, Dawn; Emerson Prescott, Brantford; Mary C. Sheppard, Norwich; Gilbert O. Field, Queens Bush; A. Raymond and wife, Oro. John Fishpool, minister of the gospel from England, is extending his ministerial services, occasionally, to the colored people of Chatham; whilst his son, who was once imprisoned in New Orleans for teaching slaves to read, is now giving instruction to colored soldiers, and others, there, in an evening school. Brother Rice, has had a flourishing school, the year round, and has done much good otherwise in the neighborhood of Freedom's West Gate, which has been thronged with emigrants.

Your attention is earnestly invited to the *British American Institute of Science and Industry*, lately founded in the township of Dawn, which promises to be extensively useful. It is designed not to supersede, but greatly to subserve, the interests of common schools, by training up teachers; and is to be conducted strictly on the manual labor system. Students over fifteen years of age, are to have instruction free of cost, and be furnished with plain but wholesome diet and lodging, at one dollar per week, to be paid in work, for which they will be allowed five cents per hour. They are to be trained thoroughly upon a full and practical discipline, which aims to cultivate the *entire being*, and elicit the fairest and fullest possible developments of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers. A little more than a year ago, two hundred acres of unimproved land, were purchased near the head of navigation, on the river Sydenham, sixty miles north by east from Detroit.

Possessing the advantages of a healthy climate, of a milder type than that of Central New-York, or the more southern States of New England, a navigable river, abounding with fish, and communicating with the waters of the great American lakes; a fertile and productive soil; well timbered, well watered, and most beautifully situated; the efficient and persevering hand of industry; the protecting shield and fostering care of a powerful government; the auspices of British and American philanthropy combined; and above all, the propitious smiles of Heaven; it cannot but flourish and prosper, and be a blessing to the country, and to posterity. We wish our British friends, who contributed their gold and silver into the hands of our trusty friend, James C. Fuller, for the object, *to know*, that upon this beautiful spot, which seems, by traces left, to have been a pleasure-ground for Indians, in by-gone years, a small company, representing three different nations, formed a semi-circle under the spreading branches of a mighty oak, a little more than a year since, gave thanks to God most High, with reverence bowed the knee, and consecrated the ground to the *King of Kings, and to the cause of humanity.* There are now twelve acres cleared, and mostly under good fence; three dwelling houses up, and occupied; as also a schoolhouse, of a story and a half, affording a school room sufficiently large for fifty or sixty scholars, with a dormitory, that will accommodate twenty. The school was organized on the 12th inst. with nine young men. We should not despise the day of small things. By dint of assiduous and persevering toil, we have prepared accommodations for thirty boarding students, and expect to have that number, the present winter. We hope, ere long, to have the institution chartered by an act of the provincial parliament. It is expected, also, that James C. Fuller will ere long present its claims to the British public. Should British American philanthropists feel that lively interest in its advancement, for which the necessities of the deeply-injured refugees from slavery *loudly call*, means will not be wanting to prepare accommodations the ensuing year, for at least two hundred students; nor will teachers be wanting to give them instruction.

Expenses for 1842, including the new institution, and other schools, amount to	$1,498 95
Sum total of receipts in money, for the year,	1,167 95
Mission at the close of the year, or the beginning of 1843, minus	$331 00
To which, add the debts of the previous year,	120 00
Mission now in debt, to the amount of	$451 00
Improvements made on the institution premises, and the amount of property accumulated during the year, estimated at	$1,000 00

Twenty boxes of clothing, bedding, shoes, &c. have been received, and distributed here and elsewhere, and twelve more have been heard from on their way, which failed of arriving before navigation closed. Several of the boxes were highly valuable, and of essential service to the institution. From the developments of philanthropy, it clearly appears that a growing interest is felt among the Dorcas-like women of America, in behalf of the poor exiles from the Bastile of slavery. Boxes should be carefully directed, and seasonably forwarded to Dawn Mills, *via.* Buffalo and Detroit, in the care of Martin Wilson, esq. of the latter place. A list of the articles should come in the box, and a letter at the same time, by mail.

Since the removal of your agent from Toronto, large numbers of fugitives have arrived at that place, and have not been provided for, as was desirable they should be. Mr. James C. Brown, a vigilant and trusty gentleman of color, of that city, has for months been overburdened with care and labor, in attending to the welfare of fresh emigrants from the South, without having received adequate means of sustaining him. We would therefore suggest that some of the boxes entrusted from time to time to your care, as the committee, be forwarded to him, for distribution, as also some means of defraying the necessary expenses incurred in the work.

We would not fail to notice the welcome visits to our happy shores, during the summer and autumn, of two zealous friends of humanity; viz: Robert Brown, of the New-York Vigilance Committee, and Charles T. Torrey, of Albany. It is hoped that others, of kindred spirit, may be induced to make tours of benevolence through the province.

It has fallen to the lot of your humble agent to superintend the interests of the mission, and education generally, among the refugees. Our cup has been mingled with joy and sorrow. We have had conflicts, powerful and protracted, which were followed by victories, triumphant and glorious. Our labors at home and abroad have been more abundant than in any previous year. Like the apostle to the Gentiles, we have learned "both how to be abased, and how to abound; both to be full, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need;" but we cheerfully testify, that by the grace of God, "we have not labored in vain, nor spent our strength for naught." Respectfully submitted.

HIRAM WILSON,
Agent and Missionary.

Dawn Mills, County of Kent, Canada West, Dec. 31. 1842.

Having, by the appointment of our anti-slavery friends, been associated with Rev. Hiram Wilson, as the Executive Committee of the Canada Mission Board, for the last two years, we most cheerfully and cordially bear our testimony to the untiring zeal, and persevering self-denial, the arduous and successful labors of brother Wilson, in behalf of the people of color in Canada.

The facts set forth in the above report, command our full belief; and we commend them, and the cause to which they relate, to the consideration of all the friends of down-trodden humanity. A large portion of the means contributed to the support of this mission during the above period, has passed through our hands; and we take pleasure in assuring the contributors that no part of their benefactions has been lost; but on the contrary, have been faithfully and judiciously applied by brother Wilson.

The increasing numbers of refugees, who are taking an asylum in Canada, (one member of our committee, during the last summer, in the course of three months, passed about fifty fugitives from slavery into this asylum,) the highly prosperous and promising condition of the school at Dawn Mills, as well as the general condition and prospects of the people of color in the province, calls for, and we trust will receive, increased benefactions from those who are not disposed to *withhold good from them to whom it is due, when in the power of their hands to do it.*

Feeling an undoubting confidence in brother Wilson, and deeply impressed with the importance of this enterprise, we trust his calls for *help* will not fail of a response which shall gladden the hearts of many.

GEORGE A. AVERY,
LINDLAY MURRAY MOORE, } *Com.*
O. N. BUSH,
Rochester, Jan. 7th, 1843.

Selections.

From the Free Labor Advocate.

ORTHODOX FRIENDS IN INDIANA.

At a conference of Friends, held at Newport, Wayne county, Indiana, 1st month, 4th, 1843, called for the purpose of taking into consideration the anomalous and peculiarly tried situation in which we are placed by the arbitrary and proscriptive measures of a portion of the society claiming to be "the body," we are, on account of a practical adherence to our testimony against slavery, cut off from all the beneficial privileges of membership in that religious society, whose principles we love, and whose testimonies are dear to our hearts: and for the purpose of adopting such measures, as in the openings of truth may appear to be productive of unity and harmony in our proceedings,—the promotion of the anti-slavery cause,—and to secure to ourselves the privileges and benefits of religious society, of which we have been unhappily deprived, contrary to the general usage, and established order and discipline of the society.

After mature deliberation, and a free interchange of sentiment, the following named Friends were appointed to prepare an address to Friends generally, setting forth, in a concise manner, the result of our deliberation, embracing a call for a general convention of Friends, at some suitable time and place, for the purpose of deliberating more fully upon the propriety of reorganizing the Yearly meeting of Indiana upon the true principles, and in accordance with the discipline and usages of the Society of Friends, and in unity with the practise of the Yearly meetings of London and Dublin:

B. Stanton, H. H. Way, Samuel Charles, Daniel Puckett, Benjamin Thomas, Goorge Shugart, Barnabas Hunt, D. Hill, Levi Stout, Joseph Thornburg, Gibson Teas, Betsey Stanton, Beulah Puckett, Edith Osborn, and Gulaelma Hough.

ADDRESS.

Address of a Conference of Friends, held at Newport, Wayne County, Indiana, 1st mo. 4th, 1843, to the Members of Indiana Yearly meeting:

DEAR FRIENDS,—In deliberating, at this time, on the momentous subject which has called us together, our minds have been solemnly impressed with the very great responsibility attached to the position we occupy in the religious society of which we are members,—the influence of our conduct on the anti-slavery cause, and the duty which we owe to the community at large, as a component part of the fraternity of man, and especially as responsible members of the great slaveholding confederacy of the United States of America.

When we reflect that in all probability the question whether slavery in this country "shall be abolished by peaceful legislation, or in the midst of bloodshed and violence," depends mainly, under Providence, on the success of the great anti-slavery enterprise, now in progress; as friends to the peace and happiness of our country, as well as the deliverance of millions of our fellow-beings from the unutterable horrors of ignominious bondage, we cannot but be alarmed at the persevering and increased opposition, to the progress of the work, manifested in various ways, and under various pretenses, by the leading influences, both in Church and State. In a particular manner we deplore the opposition of the Church of Christ, so called, as presenting a greater obstacle to the peaceable termination of slavery, than all other causes combined. And among the proscriptive measures of the various religious societies in our country, made use of for the purpose of preventing their members from active labors in the anti-slavery cause, none, that we know of, have resorted to such a decided course of opposition, as Indiana Yearly meeting of Friends; and on account of the anti-slavery character of the society established by the labors of our fathers, none, we believe, exert so powerful an influence to the disparagement of the work, to the lessening the probability of its acceptance by the nation, and of the peaceable accomplishment of the great work of emancipation, and consequently to increase, in the same proportion, the probability of a bloody termination of the evil.

With these views of the subject, it becomes us to inquire, with deep concern, what is required at our hands in regard to this great question, and to be very careful that we do not, for the sake of "retaining place and influence," make a compromise with the opposition, and add the weight of our influence to that enormous load of guilt which, like a millstone, is sinking Church and State into the vortex of ruin.

In view of the proscriptive measures put in operation by our opposers, it becomes our duty to inquire what is required of us, in order to secure the benefits of religious society.

Without discipline, and contrary to the plain provisions thereof, eight members of the meeting for sufferings have been removed from their stations, without preferring any charge against them, or giving them any opportunity to answer for themselves, merely (as is well understood from the circumstances) for bearing a faithful testimony against slavery, in accordance with the practise of Friends generally of former years, and with the recent earnest recommendation of the London Yearly meeting, and the continued practise of our brethren in England. For our anti-slavery principles and practises, measures have been set on foot, and are being carried out in practise, to exclude us from participating in the affairs of society, to remove clerks, overseers, members of committees, and ministers, and elders, from their stations, and to place us before the public under the character of offenders, lying under the censure of the Church.

Being thus virtually cast out of the society, so far as regards its benefits, it seems to us that our situation is very precarious,—that in this position we are in danger, either of losing our respect for religious society, or of compromising our principles, in order to produce a reconciliation with "the body" which is thus using all its influence to prevent the active exercise of our anti-slavery principles.

Another consideration of importance is, that in our present situation, our influence as members of religious society is lost to the society of which we are members, and to the community at large. It cannot be expected that, censured and proscribed as we are, our testimony will be received by our opposers, to the reformation of the society; or that the people generally will be likely to pay that respect to our anti-slavery labors, which they might do under different circumstances.

Under these views, and in accordance with the designs of the conference above mentioned, we propose that a general convention of members of Indiana

Yearly meeting be held at Newport, Wayne county, Indiana, on 2d day, the 6th of 2d month, 1843, for the purpose set forth in the foregoing minute of our appointment.

We hope that Friends, those in a particular manner who are favorable to the anti-slavery cause, will feel bound to attend, if practicable, in order to aid, by their counsels, in coming to a correct decision on the momentous subject under consideration.

From the New-York Tribune.

GOVERNOR SEWARD AND THE COLORED CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK.

At a public meeting of the colored citizens of the city of New-York, held December 19th, 1842, at Union Hall, pursuant to notice, for the purpose of "expressing the high consideration which they entertain for his excellency Governor William H. Seward, for his noble and generous acts since he has filled the high office of governor—especially towards the colored citizens"—the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, His excellency, Wm. H. Seward, governor of the State of New-York, has signified his intention to retire to private life, by declining a re-nomination for that office; and whereas, we, the colored citizens of the city of New-York, entertain a high regard for him as a chief magistrate; and as in his official acts he has shown himself an able statesman, a just magistrate, and a sincere and consistent friend of the oppressed: therefore,

Resolved, That we tender to his excellency, Wm. H. Seward, our heartfelt thanks, for his oft-repeated expression of opinion in favor of our rights.

Resolved, That in his approval of the act establishing the right of trial by jury, and the repeal of the nine months' law, he has shown himself a worthy descendant of the patriots of the revolution.

Resolved, That his excellency, Wm. H. Seward, in the noble and patriotic stand which he has taken in the controversy with the governor of Virginia, in denying the right of property in man, has afforded another noble proof of the triumph of republican principles over the false doctrines which lie at the foundation of slavery, and are directly opposed to the very existence of the liberties of the people of this republic.

Resolved, That in the view of this meeting, Governor Seward merits a high rank among the friends of humanity, for his unflinching firmness in carrying out just principles.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to address the governor, expressive of the views of this meeting.

Messrs. U. B. Vidall, Timothy Seaman, and Dr. James M'Cune Smith, were appointed a committee, in accordance with the above resolution.

The meeting then adjourned.

DANIEL J. ELSTON, } *Secretaries.*
GEO. LAWRENCE, Jr. }

LETTER.

To his Excellency, William H. Seward, Governor of the State of New-York:

SIR: The undersigned, in behalf of the colored citizens of the city and county of New-York, cannot suffer the term of your excellency's official connection with their native State to expire, without expressing, in their humble way, the high admiration with which your conduct during the last four years has inspired them.

Four years ago, the voice of your fellow-citizens committed to your keeping the rights, the destinies, and the vast relations of two millions of freemen, occupying a proud distinction, an enlightened and powerful confederacy, and a high vantage ground among the nations of the earth. The responsibilities attached to this distinguished trust, were great, but they found in your excellency a man equal to their weight, and to their every emergency.

Your excellency was elected to the office of governor of the State of New-York, by a triumphant majority, constituting a large and powerful political party; and, according to received political doctrine, to carry out the maxims, and accomplish, so far as in you lay, the wishes of that party; always strictly mindful of good faith, whether pledged or implied, it was your excellency's admirable course to separate the principles from the prejudices of political partisanship, and to carry out the former with the firmness and decision of one whom no political elevation could raise above responsibility to his conscience and his God.

Once in the chair of State, your excellency presented the spectacle of a man, no longer the mere favorite of a triumphant majority, but the "head and front" of more than two millions of human beings, (in a high state of civilization,) vigorously pursuing that line of conduct which might best contribute to increase the social comfort, and effect the moral advancement of the whole.

It is true, that in almost every instance, the acts of your excellency were in accordance with the principles of the party with whom you are identified; but occasionally, when what appeared the right, came in contact with received party notions, your excellency, by an inflexible adherence to principles admirably expounded by you, showed that your conduct was based on a loftier and more stable basis than the hopes or fears connected with a re-election to office.

In connection with this fact, it is a matter of high satisfaction to the undersigned, and a reason for increased confidence in the institutions, (only a portion of which they are at present permitted to enjoy,) that there is found a man of vast acquirements, high abilities, and of a lofty moral integrity, willingly occupying an office in the gift of the multitude; and that that multitude—of whom it is said that they will alone endure the rule of a fawning, flattering, time-serving demagogue—have only ceased re-electing that man when a long-continued sacrifice of his personal interests in public service has compelled him to seek, as a private citizen, to advance those interests which the genius of our institutions has so carefully separated from high political trusts.

In according to your excellency this humble tribute of respect and admiration, the undersigned would add, that they are not moved to it by a preference for any political creed; but on the contrary, isolated from the ferment of political strife, they have calmly viewed the course of your excellency in relation to certain great principles, laid down, indeed, in the Constitution of our State, but which, until the occurrence of your executive career, had long remained as a dead letter; principles, towards the carrying out of which, your excellency has done so much; principles, the full practice of which, by making New-York a free State, indeed—no portion of her inhabitants being proscribed for physical peculiarity, or for cherished views—would enable her to advance with unfettered strides in her glorious career.

Trusting that the day is not far distant, when your excellency will obey the voice of your fellow-citizens, again calling upon you to occupy your present, or to enter upon a more exalted station in the gift of the people,

We have the honor to be,
Your excellency's ob't servants.
ULYSSES B. VIDAL,
JAMES McCUNE SMITH,
TIMOTHY SEAMAN.

New-York City, Dec. 26, 1842.

REPLY.

ALBANY, Jan. 5, 1843.

GENTLEMEN—I have received, with profound sensibility, the resolutions and address tendered by you, in the name of the colored citizens of New-York. It is a pleasing surprise that the principles and motives which have influenced my public conduct, although misapprehended by many of those to whom I was responsible, have been fully understood and justly appreciated by a class who are excluded unjustly from political suffrage, and therefore are unable to reward or punish a magistrate.

I do not trust myself to reply at length to your eloquent and affecting address; but I may say, without egotism, that I shall cherish among the pleasing recollections of my public life, the remembrance, that I received the thanks of those, whose protection required a sacrifice of some personal advantage, and a conflict with prejudices, matured by age, and sustained by political combinations.

Believe me, gentlemen, to be as grateful as a generous and ardent man should be, for the tribute I have received at your hands; and assure your constituents that the career of humanity shall continue to have my humble efforts for its advancement.

I remain, most respectfully,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Messrs. Ulysses B. Vidal, James M'Cune Smith, and Timothy Seaman, committee, &c. &c.

From the British and Foreign Reporter.

IRREGULAR PAY vs. CONTINUOUS LABOR.

The *Baptist Herald*, adverting to the loud complaints made by the planters of the want of continuous labor, says—"If laborers could but write for the press, they would say on their parts, they had much reason to complain for the want of *continuous pay*. If we are rightly informed, there is on the south side a parish, where, on one estate, the people have had no pay since February, yet they continue to work on the estate, going to other places occasionally, for the purpose of seeking subsistence, as the laborers have not as yet learnt the art of living entirely upon air. On another estate, the people received a dollar each in March, with a promise that after crop, sugar should be sold purposely to pay them, but it was never done. On a third estate, the plan pursued is to pay only in goods, and in nothing but goods, from the store that is kept on the estate, and one day's labour is exacted from every individual in a family, who is able to labor for rent. On the fourth, fifth, and sixth estates, the people are paid, not in money, but in sugar and rum; for the former article, sugar, they are said to be charged at $10 for 100 lbs.; and, when the laborers dispose of it by retail, they do it at a loss of two dollers on the barrel. On the seventh estate, which is said to be in an improving condition, the laborers are paid in money, after the rate of a shilling a day out of crop, and one shilling and sixpence during crop, but have not to pay rent for their houses and grounds. If these, then, be facts (and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the information obtained,) is it to be a matter of surprise that several, although they continued to reside for a considerable time after the change upon the estates to which they are attached, are now removing, and locating themselves upon small freeholds? Before there be a fresh importation of immigrants, it would be well to inquire if there would be any deficiency of laborers, if money were forthcoming to give them *continuous pay* for continuous labor, and if it be intended to pay in money, those who may be brought hither."

Communications.

COLONIZATION IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 3, 1843.

Agreeably to notice, given through the various pulpits, and principal daily newspapers of the city, a Mr. Dodge, of South Carolina, an agent of the AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY, last evening gave an address upon the subject of colonization, in the vestry of the FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. By reason of the "great effort" of Mr. Dodge, in arousing the dormant humanity of our citizens, to secure a full meeting, about *seventy-five* persons were congregated at the appointed hour; *four* doctors of divinity, three untitled clergymen, many pious deacons, with a smart sprinkling of laymen and women, many of whom were declared abolitionists. The REVEREND FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D. (with limited responsibility, to be sure,) called the assembly to order. Upon motion of the REVEREND NATHAN CROCKER, D. D. seconded by the REVEREND MARK TUCKER, D. D. the REVEREND FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D. was chosen chairman. At the motion, and instance of the REVEREND MARK TUCKER, D. D., DEACON WILLIAM C. SNOW, whose brother is a slaveholder at the South, was *unanimously* elected secretary.

Mr. Dodge is a young man of pleasing address; but, if I were to judge from his performance last evening, I should conclude that his efforts are not very strongly spiced with sound argument. Africa, in all its physical grandeur and moral degradation, was rather vividly portrayed before us. The slave trade, we were told, was the sole cause of this desolation and depravity. Slavery was denounced as a hideous evil in one sentence, and apologized for, and justified, in another. In the commencement of this discourse, the colored people of our country were described as destitute of those high and noble aspirations, which swell the bosoms of white men, and urge them forward to wealth, honor, intelligence, virtue, and religion. In the conclusion, they were extolled in terms of the highest praise. To prove that they were degraded, ignorant, and depraved, he pointed (and a more libellous sentence was never uttered) to those inhabiting the streets and lanes of our own city. That they were noble, intelligent, virtuous, and pious, he referred to the emigrants, who sailed during the month of last July, in the "good ship Matapoisett," for Liberia. Than this, a nobler, more self-denying, pious ship load of colonists never came from the old world to the new. Mr. Dodge would thus have us believe, that *freedom* debases and destroys the nobler, finer feelings of the human soul, and that *slavery* (a system the vilest upon which the sun ever shone) exalts and refines them!

Mr. Dodge very modestly stated, at the outset, that he "would not infringe upon the opinions of other men, so long as they go on with *judgment* and *moderation*;" and then *hinted* very strongly, that by some, in seeking for, and applying, an adequate remedy, to *slavery*, these bounds had been passed. He said the prejudices of the community were such, that the elevation of the colored people, while in this country, was a thing next to impossible. "Why," says he, "the colored race, *wherever* found, are partakers of our common degradation; and to substantiate this, I appeal to your knowledge of those, who inhabit the streets and lanes of your own city." How any man, possessing the least regard for truth, could utter a sentiment bearing so visibly the stamp of falsehood, I know not. And how any person, possessing the feelings and noble aspirations of a man, can so barefacedly appeal to the unholy, diabolical prejudices of the human heart, for countenance and aid in accomplishing a given object, is alike inexplicable. This has ever been the course of the colonization society, and its agents.

According to Mr. D. the following are the objects that his society is aiming to accomplish, viz: "The elevation of the entire colored race; the extinction of the slave trade; the Christianising of Africa." "To destroy the slave trade, by first destroying the slave markets of the world, is a thing utterly impossible; and notwithstanding all that has been done, at this moment, the slave trade thrives beyond what it has ever done before." "In 1817, at the organization of the colonization society, two hundred and fifty thousand slaves were annually taken from Africa; at this present time the number is five hundred thousand." The point to be shown is, that this colonization scheme offers an adequate remedy for the slave trade. The *argument* shows, that the number of slaves annually stolen from Africa, during the twenty-five years' existence of the colonization society, has *increased* one-half; from two hundred and fifty thousand, to five hundred thousand. Please, friends of colonization, to inform us, how long, at this rate, it will take to *destroy* the slave trade. We wait for the solution. May we not safely predict that it will expire only with the "*last man?*"

But the society has done something? Yes. "A colony containing *fifteen thousand* souls has been established, and is in full operation. A colony, too, that will not suffer in comparison, save only in intelligence, with any colony in the world. Of these colonists, ten thousand are *natives*; five thousand are emigrants. At this rate of colonizing, how long will it take to colonize two millions five hundred thousand? "Within this colony of Liberia, schools, academies, lyceums, and libraries, have been established, and newspapers are published. Monrovia, containing a population of fifteen hundred souls, has *four* churches. In the entire colony, there are *twenty churches*, and *forty clergymen*. One-fifth of the colonists are church members." Surely, Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God. Mr. D. did not tell us, that the principal agents in this *great* work have been *rum* and *gunpowder*. How many "masses of living flesh!" have been perforated by the shots of the colonists? This scheme has also demonstrated that the colored race is capable of self-government. A colored man is governor of the colony, and discharges his high trust with fidelity and dignity! A theorem years ago demonstrated in Haiti, and imitated in Liberia. Dr. Wayland thought that this fact was enough of itself to commend the scheme to the charities, sympathies, and prayers of a Christian people.

"It has abolished the slave trade along *seven hundred miles* of coast. It has furnished protection to the defenseless natives, when the coast has been visited by slavers. Not long since, a slaver passed along the coast, with a banner waving from her mast-head, bearing this inscription: 'THE HIGHEST PRICE GIVEN FOR SLAVES.' Thousands of poor native souls, seized with panic, fled within the bounds of the colony for protection." When did the poor, ignorant natives learn to read? Tell us, Mr. D.

Claims of the society. "Within fifteen months, *nine hundred* slaves have been proffered to the society. Of these, *six hundred* are *prepared* for colonists." "In Tennessee, rising *three hundred* slaves have been offered to the society by will, who are not *prepared* for colonists. These must be sent in one year, or be sold." "In July last, three hundred emigrants sailed in the ship Matapoisett. These have arrived in safety, and are in good health." "Within one fortnight, by a gentleman near Nashville, Tenn. *sixty* slaves have been proffered to the society." "The society's treasury is, at the present time, empty. It has not the means to send these *six hundred* slaves." It asks this assistance from the North; for while the *South* has contributed to the funds of the society about six millions of dollars, the North has contributed but half a million.

"To be sure, this scheme does not offer an adequate remedy for slavery, and let me ask what does?"

Mr. D. also remarked, that the emancipated slaves, to be happy, must be colonized. "Driven from the States where they belong, by legislative enactments, or expressly denied the precious boon of freedom by like legislative enactments, they must look to colonization for liberty and happiness. In nine cases out of ten, you cannot make the far south slaves come to the North; and a man who loves his slaves, will not bring them here." Methinks the North Star, "that glorious old lantern, hung out by the hand of the Almighty," as a guide to the fugitive, would tell a different tale.

Here follows another assertion, equally veracious: "When plantations of slaves are to be sold, the children and wife living on the same plantation with the husband, are always sold together." Oh, the humanity of slaveholders, when seen through the medium of colonization, is it not wonderful!

But the weightiest claim that this society has upon the charities, sympathies, and prayers of the North, is found in the fact, that "*the exertions of the society do not awaken any prejudice.*" Oh no, it is suited exactly to cajole and foster the unholy prejudices of northern aristocrats. It wouldn't hurt the feelings of a negro-hating clergy for the world.

After Mr. D. had closed his remarks, the Reverend Dr. Crocker, an Episcopal divine, expressed himself as having been deeply interested in the remarks that had been made. He suggested, that as the colonization society needed money, an auxiliary society should be organized in this city. But as this did not meet with general approbation, he further proposed that the present meeting pledge itself to raise five hundred dollars.

Dr. Mark Tucker, a Congregational D. D. had been very much gratified and edified by the "kind and eloquent remarks" that had just been made. "As it is a very important object, we ought to do something," said he. "It costs twenty dollars to send an emigrant to the 'land of his fathers,' and I will pledge myself, on the spot, to give that sum."

A friend at my elbow suggests that a like sum be immediately raised among the charitable, for the purpose of sending the reverend gentleman himself; as he certainly could not wish to send others where he would not go personally; I second the motion. I have not been specially benefited by his light here; but he may do something to enlighten Africa.

The proposition to start a subscription did not meet with favor; and after the passage of resolutions commending the cause to the attention of the citizens of Providence, the meeting was adjourned until next Friday evening, to be then addressed by Mr. Dodge.

Thus ended the second lesson on colonization, in this city. It is altogether too late in the day for an effort of this kind to meet with favor among the *mass* of our population. A cause having for its advocates and supporters such enemies of impartial freedom as Francis Wayland and Mark Tucker, cannot meet with general approbation.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 6, 1843.

Part the third, of colonization in Rhode Island, came off this evening. Bear in mind, that this was an adjourned meeting, of which the Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, by right and expectation, was chairman. The hour of meeting came, and passed, but the doctor did not appear. After awhile, the secretary announced that, as it was the commencement of a term in college, the doctor had told him that he might not be able to attend. A poor excuse, a real back out; as the term in college does not really commence until next Monday. The meeting was at first somewhat disturbed by the cry of fire. But the audience soon re-assembled, to the number of about one hundred. The mayor of the city, and the district judge, were in attendance, and participated in the doings of the meeting.

The course of the lecturer, at this time, was very similar to that of the former meeting. For injury done to the colored race, he remarked that "the public conscience of Europe and America is touched with compunction, and is disposed to make reparation." God save us from *such* a conscientious compunction, that requires a lower depth of degradation for an already-degraded and sympathy-excluded race. God withhold reparation that adds insult to injury, and expatriation to oppression!

"Every effort to elevate the race, on the soil of their bondage, has met with disappointment," said he; "and every effort that can be made, conflicts with the interests and tastes of Europeans. It is impossible to raise the African race, so long as they remain in juxtaposition with the whites. These are broad facts, upon which the colonization society builds. It takes facts *as they are*. The race is hunted down, by a reproach that it never can escape; which teaches the negro to despise himself, and robs him of the dignity of a man. This being the case, the society adapts itself to the *condition* of the colored man."

He might as well have *said*—for it was evidently *implied*—"it likewise adapts itself to the *prejudices* of the white man." In proof that the colored race cannot be elevated here, we were very gravely referred to the colonization schemes of Madison, Randolph, and Marshall; the failure of which was considered as a triumphant vindication of the "negro shipping" society's humanity and philanthropy. We were told that the descendants of the Virginia colonists "are the most degraded among the colored inhabitants of Virginia." Any schoolboy might answer, that slavery and freedom are antagonisms, and consequently cannot thrive together. A colony of free colored people, surrounded by all the unhallowed and oppressive prejudices which slavery induces, *must* die. That the race cannot be elevated here, see his assertion respecting the moral worth and intelligence of the *three hundred* slaves who sailed for Liberia, last July. These were *prepared here*:

"The society adapts itself to the condition of Africa," said he. "Poor Africa! subjected to the horrors of a perpetual, savage warfare," [induced by the slave trade.] "Every effort that has been made to destroy the slave trade, has only served to increase its horrors." Buxton was here quoted. "Colonies must be planted in Africa. Buxton would have white colonists; but the Niger expedition shows that white men cannot live in Africa. Hence, Buxton's scheme has been abandoned. To destroy the slave markets of the world, you must first convert the whole world to the colonization faith. Governments may declare it piracy; but they will not execute the punishments awarded to piracy. To destroy the trade, colonies of negroes must be planted upon the African coast." A sage conclusion—was it not?

"Fifteen native tribes have united with the colonists, in efforts to suppress the slave trade," he said: "By these tribes, *forty thousand* slaves had been annually sold."

"The exports of the colony, four years ago, amounted to $5,000; in 1842, to $500,000. The exports are camwood, (obtained from fifty miles distant, in the interior, worth there, $25 per ton—in New-York, $75; it is transported these fifty miles upon the backs of the colonists; a road will soon be finished.); coffee, obtained from large trees, transplanted four years since; rice, indigenous, and grown in the *highlands*, a staple export; and palm oil, made by the natives. The natives are now erecting a mill for its extraction. The trade with Liberia must be a considerable item in American commerce. The colony has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine of its founders. Here is laid the foundation of an empire—a government like our own—institutions like our own. Not one of the colonies in America, either North or South, has done so much in so short a time, or suffered so little from famine or war."

"What effect has the society upon slavery? Let facts speak. Facts are stubborn things, though theories are beautiful. Eleven hundred emancipated slaves have been offered to the society, within thirteen months." [Mark the former statement. *Nine hundred* in *fifteen months!* Why this equivocation?] "A planter in South Carolina petitioned the legislature for a suspension, in his case, of a certain law forbidding the instruction of slaves. The prayer of the petitioner was not answered; but the law was disregarded, and the slaves were taught, and prepared for freedom"! Wonderful audacity! Men daring to do right, in contradiction of law!

"Within six months, *eight hundred* slaves have been offered to the society. Cheerful offers are being made by slaveholders, on every hand. The only way for them to get rid of slavery, is to avail themselves of the facilities afforded them by this society. These facts are a sufficient answer to objections, of whatever kind."

The chairman, Dr. Crocker, said, "Every individual disposed to break up the slave trade, and elevate the colored race, must see that this is the readiest mode to accomplish both objects. Mr. Dodge has now presented the subject fairly before us; what order will the meeting take?"

Thomas Davis would ask the speaker to reconcile a statement or two. "He has stated that the colonization society has *diminished* the slave trade," said he; "and yet he quotes the authority of Buxton for saying, that it has *increased* in a powerful ratio. He says the colored people cannot be elevated *here*; and yet the society sent out, last July, three hundred, *who would not suffer in comparison with the Pilgrim Fathers*"

While friend Davis was propounding these questions, the mayor jumped from his seat, and protested, both against their statement, and to their being answered. "If a discussion was got up," he said, "*nothing could be done.* It had been previously tried, in that very house, and their efforts had been paralyzed."

Before the mayor arose, Mr. D. was willing to answer the questions, if put singly; but afterwards, "he agreed with the mayor, that a discussion should not be allowed, at the present time. If discussion is wanted, let us have a specified time, and place."

The chair concurred in these remarks, and said that the questions could not be answered, except by a special vote of the meeting. Rev. Mr. Osgood (Unitarian) thought that the good sense of the meeting would sustain friend Davis, and that the questions ought to be answered. The mayor still protested; and that, too, while friend Davis was attempting to speak. Soon a motion was made, that the questions be answered. Mr. Dodge here remarked, that if it was the voice of the meeting, he would answer the questions. The motion was decided in the affirmative. Mr. Davis attempted again to propound his questions, but was uncourteously interrupted by the chairman, Mr. Dodge, and the mayor. The questions were finally answered, thus: that "the slave trade was destroyed along seven hundred miles of coast, *only*; this was all that had been said." The latter question, thus: "Exceptions prove the rule." "That is no answer," said Davis. "Well, then I will answer it in another way. These men might have been elevated and intelligent *emigrants*, but still be degraded." A wise answer, truly.

The Rev. Mr. Osgood was "strongly in favor of the colonization society, because it held out a rational hope for the elevation, if not for the emancipation, of the slave. It would be a pleasant sight to see a black envoy from Liberia take his seat among the accredited ministers at Washington; even more pleasant than it was to see Lord Ashburton." Would Mr. O. think it a pleasant sight to see a black envoy from Liberia seated in the broad aisle of his church? What hinders the pleasant sight of a black envoy from Haiti?

The mayor moved the organization of a society. This was opposed, and finally withdrawn. The subscription book and contribution box were then handed round. It seemed to be hard work to raise funds.

The Hon. John Pitman did not think that the operations of the American Colonization Society would ever abolish slavery. The slaveholder must be made to feel that the slaves could be safely emancipated, and elevated, *where they are*; and that they could live and associate with them, profitably and safely. This, and this only, would abolish slavery. Still, the colonization society's efforts would elevate and regenerate *Africa*; so long as the colored people went there voluntarily.

After a few other desultory and unimportant remarks, the meeting adjourned, *sine die.*

The above proceedings evince, most clearly, the *peculiar* affection that certain functionaries of our little commonwealth have for the black population. Our mayor, for instance, considering it an increasing and dangerous evil, is found publicly aiding and abetting measures to expatriate its members. These persons, too, forming no unimportant part of his constituency. This is not the only exhibition of his *peculiar* affection for the colored people of our city. Last summer it was proposed, by the friends of immediate emancipation, to hold a meeting on the first of August, to be addressed by Frederic Douglas. Permission was asked of the mayor, to use the old town house. He asked the name of the speaker. That of Douglas, a colored man, was given. The request was denied, accompanied with the gracious remark, that he could not consent to yield the use of the town house for a meeting at which a *colored man* was to be the speaker. Compare fact with fact, and the burning comment must be, that within his heart dwells a deep-seated hatred for the colored race.

In giving the above remarks of Mr. Dodge, and others, the precise language may not always have been used; but the ideas are fairly represented. L. D. Y.

BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS.

In some former numbers of the Anti-Slavery Standard, we endeavored to exhibit the true character of the document, issued by this body at its last session, on the subject of slavery. To us it appeared, when we first saw it, to be as smooth as *oil*; and we thought its effects on the pro-slavery portion of the society would be much like *that article* poured upon *fire*. Proofs of the correctness of this opinion have already been afforded in Indiana, and we expect, in due time, will become more and more manifest in the other Yearly meetings; unless the Monthly meeting of New-York should promptly take our Baltimore Friends' under dealing, for issuing and sending among *them*, "a publication that is calculated to sow discord and disunity among brethren."

At the last Yearly meeting in Indiana, it appeared that an addition to a certain minute of the previous year, made after the close of the Yearly meeting, to suit certain views, had aroused Friends to examine their true position; and the result was, an increasing conviction, that mutual forbearance was essential to the restoration and preservation of harmony in the society. But the Baltimore address appeared, and the effect was soon apparent. The committee of Indiana Yearly meeting to visit the subordinate meetings, we learn met at Miami Quarterly meeting; and we are told it was there decided, that certain of its members from Green Plain Quarterly meeting, should not be acknowledged as members of the committee; nor should a certain aged minister, who was in attendance with a certificate expressive of the unity of her Monthly meeting, with her religious concern, *be acknowledged*, because these individuals had long ago, signed a protest against certain proceedings in New-York. It was even declared that the members of the committee alluded to, (abolitionists,) had never been appointed by the Yearly meeting; although we are informed not a word of objection was uttered at the time of their appointment. One individual, it is true, was objected to in the Yearly meeting by many Friends, on account of his *intemperate hostility to the abolitionists*; but his name was retained, and were we to repeat the language *he* has since uttered in a Quarterly meeting at Green Plain, every impartial person would be convinced of his unfitness for that appointment.

We have reason to believe that strong efforts will be made in other Yearly meetings, to get this Baltimore document sanctioned and extensively circulated throughout the society, and we would respectfully caution Friends everywhere to be on their guard on this account. Although smooth as *oil*, it is not on that account the less calculated to create a *powerful flame*. M.

MANUAL LABOR INSTITUTE FOR COLORED BOYS.

Having lately paid a casual visit to this school, I was so much interested in witnessing the advancement of the pupils, that I felt more than a willingness to say a few words in commendation.

A few years since, a farm, situated in Philadelphia county, near Milestown, and bordering on the York road, was purchased out of a legacy bequeathed for the benevolent object above specified. The trustees of the fund thus invested, selected Joseph Healy and wife to take charge of the institution, which went into operation something less than a year since.

The school is yet small, consisting of about ten scholars. I understand it is the design of the managers to increase it, when other available funds, bequeathed for the same object, shall be at their disposal.

In the limited opportunity allowed for observation, I was particularly gratified in noting the judicious domestic arrangements about the establishment; the order, neatness, and economy perceptible in the different departments. In these particulars, I think the managers have been singularly fortunate. J. Healy is himself a practical farmer, and a good manager; and his wife is equally skilled in the charge of her particular province. They have long been known as devoted friends to the improvement of the colored people; a devotion that has been amply attested by many years of sacrifice and disinterested labor.

In witnessing some of the exercises of the pupils in this seminary, I was most agreeably surprised at the thoroughness with which they appeared to have been taught. J. Healy is not ambitious, like many teachers, to lead his pupils through a multitude of sciences, while they obtain but a mere smattering of each, and are ignorant of the *principles* of any. I have seen pupils, taught in this manner, completely disconcerted by the simple problem of computing the value of a small amount of produce—not being able to apply the rule which they have committed to memory. But Joseph Healy's pupils have not been taught in this manner. Their preceptor has not been anxious to confuse their minds with a multitude of *words*; but he has made them acquainted with *principles*. Instead of initiating them into the use of figures when commencing arithmetic, he first instructs them in mental exercises, at which they become quite expert, before they enter into what is called *cyphering*. And, by the time they are ready to transfer the mental operation to the slate, the work is no longer a mystery. I was much gratified in observing the promptness with which the pupils answered a number of questions usually worked by the rule of three and practice. These they analysed, and gave the results in less time than I have known it to take scholars, of the same age, in some of our most celebrated schools, to make the statements, or take the parts. And, in performing these exercises, let it be understood, the questions proposed to them were not prepared for the occasion, having answers which they had learned by heart. On the other hand, the pupils were taken by surprise, and gave answers to questions they heard for the first time; being such as were suggested at the moment of examination. As I before observed, I was most agreeably surprised and delighted with the *thoroughness* of the instruction of these colored boys. Truly, it was the best practical refutation I had ever seen, of the assertion, so often made, that colored children are stupid—for, I feel confident that the same number of white children, of the same age, might be much looked for and not found, who would have acquitted themselves as well! I also heard the pupils in several reading exercises, which were equally satisfactory.

I consider such successful efforts in developing the faculties of colored children among the most important movements in the great cause in which abolitionists profess to be engaged. W. H. J.

LETTER FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

BRISTOL, 1st mo. 8th, 1842.
Bucks County, Pa.

I do hope I may never live in another such a world as this; where there is so little obedience to the laws written out in beautiful language, visible to all, by the finger of its Maker, for its harmonious government. Where there is so much wrong, and so little justice and mercy. Where selfishness seems to set on every heart to stifle the voice of conscience and the sermons of an inborn humanity. Not a day looks heaven in the face, that is not scarred with the tokens of violence, committed by man upon his brother, in disobedience to the oracles of love. Not a day burns out in the red west, but my benevolence is shocked, and my sensibility wounded, by some new story of murder, treachery, and oppression.

A few days since, I followed to his grave, (his last and only certain home,) a poor, despised negro. He was a runaway slave of good mind and handsome countenance. He had come to Bristol about a month before, and was directed to the house of my kind-hearted neighbor, Joseph Warner, a member of the Society of Friends. His wide benevolence has ever yearned for the happiness and higher elevation of that oppressed and neglected race, whose visitations of wo, like those of Ireland, have been *eternal*.

The slave had, at the time of his arrival, a very dangerous cough, contracted by the nightly exposure, and daily hardships, of his perilous escape from bondage, through the land of whips and bloodhounds. And in spite of the attentive kindness of his host, and the tender ministry of his wife and daughters, his indisposition increased, until he was suddenly taken away, breathing blessings on his benefactors.

Oh! who would not rather be that despised one, now rejoicing in certain freedom, and the unshadowed enjoyment of another sphere of existence, than be his proud oppressor, on earth, revelling in all the sensuality of stolen luxury? It is better to die an outcast from the sympathies of this world, than to live the disinherited of Heaven.

For there will come a time
Of awful retribution!—not a groan
Bursts upward from the persecuted heart,
But reacheth unto God!
S. SWAIN, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.

Report of the committee of arrangement for the sale of useful and fancy articles, held by the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society:

The seventh annual Fair was opened at the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, on the evening of the 22d of December, and closed on the evening of the 24th. The receipts amounted to $831,63; expenses $60,30; leaving $771,33.

Owing to the liberality of the friends of the cause, in the city and country, the expenses incurred were lighter and the profits greater, than at any former time.

The poultry-stall, including a fine porker, (presented by one not connected with an anti-slavery society,) butter, cheese, chestnuts, and shellbarks, (the gift of children,) yielded nearly one hundred dollars.

The refreshment table was bountifully supplied with cakes, pies, peach leather, pickles, preserves, and cream, &c. &c. furnished chiefly by our country friends. Also with oranges, figs, prunes &c. from Jeanes & Scattergood, No. 308 Market street, above Ninth. Sixty quarts of ice cream, were presented by Mark Brooke, who may be found with this luxury, in the summer season, at his stall, No. 50 Market house, between Fourth and Fifth street. The rapidity with which it disappeared, would attest to the excellence thereof, even were our friend's reputation not already established.

A large and handsome collection of articles were sent from Chester and Delaware counties; and from the latter a unique centre-table, with an embroidered cloth cover, and a vase for flowers, to correspond with the table.

Dry goods were contributed by Eyre & Landell, corner of Fourth and Arch streets; Charles Wise, corner of Fifth and Arch streets; Townsend Sharpless, Second street, &c. The number and variety of articles, were greater than ever before. A fine orange tree, from York, birds, evergreens, and dried flowers added to the attractions.

A small parcel from H. B. with a letter enclosing $5, was recieved a week after the Fair, but they were, nevertheless, very acceptable.

The committee would gladly enumerate the many generous donations from known and unknown friends; but as this would be scarcely practicable, they must be allowed to express their acknowledgments and thanks in general terms.

The good resulting from these Fairs, both as a means in preparing for them, of creating an interest among the disaffected, and arousing the lukewarm, and as a great benefit to the cause in a pecuniary point of view, is so obvious, that it is deemed scarcely necessary to recommend to the society that they continue their practice of holding them. On behalf of the committee,

MARIA M. DAVIS, *Chairman.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 26, 1843.

THE SLAVEHOLDER SEEKING LIGHT.

The following story has been written by the vigorous pen of M. W. Chapman; but it was published some years ago, and several particulars were omitted which came within my observation. Therefore, I again bring it forward; deeming it quite good enough to be told twice.

The first act in the drama began at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, some six or seven years ago, during those pleasant times when new and old organization were words unknown. A dark mulatto, from the coast of Africa, was present, and introduced to the meeting as the son of an English gentleman, by the name of Hanson. This young man has been lately ordained as an Episcopal clergyman, and has gone out to England, in that capacity. He had been educated in that country, beyond the withering influence of prejudice, and therefore he had the free, self-possessed air, which marks the gentleman. He addressed the meeting with great fluency and correctness, and scholars said that his Latin quotations were admirably pronounced. His remarks related chiefly to the contemptuous manner in which he had been treated in the United States, on account of his complexion; but though he spoke with strong emotion, there was nothing like egotism or unmanly complaint. The whole speech made a very agreeable impression on my mind; but I now recollect only one sentence: "No language can describe my feelings," said he, "when I found myself in a country where the tree is not judged by its *fruit*, but by its *bark*."

He was followed by Cyrus P. Grosvenor, a Baptist clergyman, who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, eulogized him in unbounded terms. "What American citizen could hear that eloquent speech," said he, "without feeling his heart thrill within him? At least, what *abolitionist* could? and who deserves to be called an American citizen, unless he *is* an abolitionist?"

When he paused, a stranger arose, whose aristocratic bearing led me to suspect, at the first glance, that he was a slaveholder. He asked if he might be allowed to speak, if his views were in opposition to the meeting. Anti-slavery, which always courts investigation and discussion, cordially responded, "Certainly, certainly! we should like nothing better." The stranger bowed, like one accustomed to drawing-rooms, and said: "The gentleman who last spoke, inquired, 'Who deserves to be called an American citizen, unless he *is* an abolitionist?' Now, sir, I think I deserve to be called an American citizen; and I am not an abolitionist; on the contrary, I am a slaveholder." He paused, as if expecting some demonstration of anger; but New Englanders carry no bowie-knives, and abolitionists never knock men down with anything but arguments. He then proceeded to say, that he not only claimed for himself the high honor of an American citizen, but he denied that *abolitionists* had a right to be so called. "They have violated the Constitution," said he, "and are constantly breaking the laws of the country; and I maintain that *they* have no right to be called American citizens. They are traitors. And to the honor of the South be it spoken, she treats them as such, whenever they come within her borders." He prolonged his remarks in favor of Lynch law. Hitherto, the meeting had treated him with somewhat overstrained courtesy, so fearful were they of checking his free utterance. But the honest indignation of David Lee Child swelled, till it at last ran over. He gave a thundering broadside, expressing his astonishment that any man should dare to vindicate Lynch law, in the presence of a civilized community. The southerner replied, that they were *obliged* to resort to it in self-defense. "There we are," said he, "standing up to our waists in powder, and you *will* persist in throwing rockets among us. What can we do?" A voice from the crowd called out, "Wet the powder!" Without noticing this interruption, he continued, "I repeat that we are *obliged* to resort to lynching. The abolitionists endanger us continually, by their proceedings; and there is no *law* that will reach them. If they were amenable to the *laws*, then indeed we should be inexcusable." With dry sarcasm, Mr. Child rejoined, "You remarked, just now, that abolitionists violated the Constitution, and broke the laws of the country, continually; it is certainly a singular fact, that no law can be found to reach such a case."

The southerner bowed, very politely, and said, "I came here for light. I am ready to be convinced. My wife is a very pious woman; and if she can only be *convinced* that it is a duty to emancipate her slaves, I will answer for her being willing. But for my part, I cannot find a single word between the two covers of the Bible, which disapproves of slavery, or sanctions the proceedings of the abolitionists."

Immediately, the whole meeting was filled with eagerness to have him convinced; and Amos A. Phelps, who was considered peculiarly acute at "the Bible argument," was appointed to the task. He performed it in a manner that could not fail to be satisfactory to all minds whose views of sin could be changed by being convinced that Abraham did, or did not commit it. The slaveholder, however, said, "I admire the ingenuity of the gentleman; indeed, I am very much struck with

some blunder, in sense or grammar, which would expose him to the irony of the proud and polished slaveholder. I might have spared my anxiety; for his brief speech was the best thing uttered in the meeting. After saying that he felt insulted by the manner in which the colored race had been spoken of, he added, "The gentleman argues that the Bible sanctions slavery, because Joseph was bought and sold. Has he then forgotten that the brethren of Joseph said one to another, 'We are verily *guilty* concerning our brother?' Has he forgotten that Joseph, when asked concerning his parentage, replied, 'I am not an Egyptian; I am a Hebrew; I was *stolen* from the land of my fathers?'"

To this home-thrust, the slaveholder deigned no reply. He did not even look toward the speaker, but wore on his countenance an expression of the coolest contempt. That a colored man should be allowed to answer *him*, should be treated quite as respectfully, and maintain his argument so much better than himself, was evidently something as new in his experience, as it was disagreeable. Without condescending to take the slightest notice of his "chattel" antagonist, he rushed into a great deal of *verbiage* about the happiness of slaves. He compared their situation very advantageously with that of the factory girls at Lowell, and made such glowing pictures, that his listeners began to wonder at his extraordinary self-denial in not being himself a slave. "Why," said he, "our slaves perform much less labor than most of your people here at the North. They would consider it a great hardship to live as you do. A lady of my acquaintance came to New England last summer, to visit her mother, and brought a slave with her. Some aboitionists in the neighborhood, no doubt with the kindest intentions, tried to persuade the slave to take her freedom. 'I wouldn't live here, for all the world,' said she: 'my mistress's mother does more work in a day, than I ever did in a week.' The lady was in very good standing; but you know that in this part of the country, it is not unusual for people very well off—quite respectable people—to—to *work*."

The difficulty with which he announced the fact, as if he were fearful of giving an insult, seemed comical to a free, New England audience, and a general laugh became audible. The chairman here interposed, and begged that no disrespect might be shown toward the speaker. He reminded them how much they wished slaveholders to attend their meetings, and how important it was that they should speak with the utmost freedom. The southerner bowed, and profusely complimented the intelligence and courtesy of the abolitionists. "I have formerly considered you a set of vulgar fanatics," said he; "but I find you remarkably well-informed people. When I first heard Wendell Phillips speak, and was informed that he was a lawyer, belonging to a family of the highest respectability, I was utterly astonished to find *such* a man in the ranks of the abolitionists; but I now find it is nothing unusual. Indeed, you seem to me to have a very extraordinary share of intelligence among you. I repeat that I am seeking light, and am quite ready to be convinced. I have attended all the meetings you have held this week. I went to a prayer-meeting for slaves, at four o'clock this morning. I certainly have heard many things which have presented the subject to my mind in a light, which I never before thought of. But you may rest assured that you greatly misunderstand the state of things. The slaves do not *want* their freedom; they would not *take* it, if it were offered."

A voice from the audience replied, "I thought you said that you stood up to your waists in gunpowder, and therefore you must lynch the abolitionists, whose rockets are in danger of falling among it. If the slaves don't *want* their freedom, what is the gunpowder?"

The slaveholder was slightly disconcerted, but tried to maintain his ground by saying, that of course there were *some* discontented individuals in *all* communities. "But with regard to myself, I know," said he, "that *my* slaves would not take their freedom, if they could. Last summer, we brought to New England a female slave; and when I put her on board a vessel, to return to Georgia, some kind-hearted abolitionist, doubtless with the best intentions, went on board, to inform her that, by the laws of Massachusetts, she was a free woman; but she told him that she did not *want* her freedom."

Here Mr. John E. Fuller, interrupted him, by saying, "Sir, I was the abolitionist who went on board that brig with a writ of habeas corpus; and I shall never forget the look of utter distress, with which the poor woman said, 'My *husband* is in slavery—and I do not think it would be right to leave *him*!'"

The audience clapped, and the slaveholder was silent. Whether the hot indignation of David Lee Child pleased him, by its resemblance to southern "chivalry," I know not; but at the close of the meeting, he asked to be introduced, expressed himself highly delighted with his remarks, asked permission to call upon him, and renewed his protestations that he was perfectly willing to be convinced. Henry G. Chapman was standing by; he at once said, "Then come and dine at my house to-day. Angelina Grimké and her sister will be there. They, you know, are southern women, and of course well acquainted with the subject."

The stranger expressed the highest respect for those ladies, and an earnest desire to make their acquaintance. He went, accordingly, and they held a very long conversation together. The next day, he called upon us, repeated his compliments about abolition intelligence, and renewed his protestations that he was seeking light. He said he was already partly convinced, and he thought it highly probable that he should ultimately disconnect himself with slavery. I loaned him the Anti-Slavery Catechism, as a work well suited to his state of mind, and he received it with many expressions of gratitude. The next day, I again heard of him at Mr. Chapman's, eager to discuss "the delicate subject." His strongest argument, was that slaves were *property*; and that the North had no right to call upon the South to give up *property*, for which they had paid money. "Admitting your plea, merely for the sake of argument," said Mrs. Chapman, "yet tell me what right you have to the new-born babe, for whom you have paid no money, and provided neither food nor clothing?" "Oh, as for that matter," said he, "I have the same right to the children of my slaves, that I should have to the calves of a cow, I had purchased."

The Georgian perceived nothing offensive to humanity in this assertion; but Mrs. Chapman's eldest daughter, then about six years old, was exceedingly shocked. She was cutting paper, in a corner of the parlor, when the remark was made; and without saying a word, she immediately left the room, in the full tide of juvenile indignation. Having assumed her cloak and bonnet, she marched off to her aunt's, and said, with great energy, "I wish you would send mother word that I shan't come home, till that gentleman from Georgia goes away. I won't *stay* in the house with a man, who says he has as good a right to sell little children, as he has to sell calves! How do I know but he will sell *me*?" Her moral instincts, and her logical deductions, too, were better than his.

But we knew that obliquity of mental vision was incident to a slaveholder, on all subjects connected with the "peculiar institution." He said that he was seeking for light; we believed him, and were most eager to impart it. E. G. Loring invited him to his house, to meet several abolitionists, who he thought would be most likely to influence his mind in favor of emancipation. He himself seemed exceedingly interested on the subject. If, from motives of politeness, we changed the subject, he insisted upon bringing us directly back to slavery. He held prolonged conversations with several in the room. I talked with him at least two hours; answering questions, and meeting his numerous objections. He listened with a degree of suavity, which language cannot describe; accompanying his remarks with occasional bows, that reminded me of the days of chivalry. His most common replies were, "Ah, there you have hit me, madam!" "I confess there is no escape from that inference." "That argument is unanswerable," &c.

I always distrust a man who is forever unruffled; for in all such cases, it is plain that nature has been enslaved by rules of policy. There was something that troubled me, in his insidious countenance, and the perpetual blandishment of his manner; yet he said he was seeking light; and, on the whole, I concluded to believe him. In the course of the evening, he expressed a strong desire to meet Mr. Garrison, and repeated it so urgently, that he was sent for by express. I told him that if Garrison came, he would pound him to impalpable powder, in half an hour; and with one of his politest bows, he expressed the great satisfaction it would give him to be so pounded. However, Garrison did not come. "That man is a Jesuit," said he; "and there is no use in wasting ammunition on him."

I was more than half inclined to the same opinion; especially, when he said, at parting, "Madam, I will send you a book, written by Mr. Cooper, of Georgia, which I think will convince you that slavery is a necessary evil." I told him I had read the book, but I had no faith in the necessity of evil. With frank abruptness, I added, "What are your motives for proceeding as you do? Are you employed as a spy in our camp? If so, there is a great waste of diplomacy; for we abolitionists have nothing to conceal; we walk abroad at noonday. If the governor of Georgia, or the Georgia planters, want any information as to our numbers, or our modes of operation, we shall be most happy to furnish it. We should rejoice to let them know all we have done, and all we intend to do." He replied, with the same bland courtesy, that he admired the frankness of the abolitionists as much as he did their intelligence.

The next day, he met Mr. Child in the street, and cordially seized his hand. "That catechism has converted both me and my wife," said he. "It is perfectly unanswerable. Slavery is a bad system, and I am resolved to disconnect myself with it." He called to see me, soon after, and asked if I had not told him of two abolitionists, who agreed to pay the travelling expenses of any slaves that might be emancipated, and to find them either employment or support during their lifetime. I answered in the affirmative, and he begged a letter of introduction to those gentlemen. "I am going to Georgia, to settle my affairs," said he; "and am resolved to remove to the free States; and as I pass through New-York, I should like to visit those gentlemen." I accordingly wrote a letter of introduction, stating the circumstances under which we had become acquainted, and my doubt whether his professions were sincere or not. True to the openness of my character, I left the letter unsealed, and enclosed it in one to himself, in which I expressed my earnest hope that he would not disconnect himself with a bad system by *selling* his slaves. Having urged the obvious Christian considerations, I reminded him of the extreme *meanness* of extricating himself from the disgrace and difficulties of slavery, while he left his victims to suffer by it. In a few days, I received a letter from his wife, informing me that he had found an unexpected opportunity to sail from Boston, and therefore would not be able to deliver the letter of introduction, till on his return. His parting request to her was to cultivate the acquaintance of abolitionists. We accordingly called upon each other; but as she was a Presbyterian, of the stiernest, old school stamp, I was very doubtful whether my mind could perceive the difficulties that most troubled her own. I therefore sent a Presbyterian abolitionist to labor with her. She was a northern woman; and her husband inherited his slaves from the estate of his first wife. I think, however, she was harder to convince than a southern woman would have been.

In about four weeks from the time of his departure, I was invited to meet her at E. G. Loring's; and when I arrived, I learned that he also was expected. "Has he returned from Georgia?" I exclaimed: "It seems to me he travels as fast as Falsehood; for they say that will go from Maine to Georgia, while Truth is getting up to put on his boots." Mrs. L. and one or two friends, looked very significantly at each other, and laughed repeatedly. I marvelled at their excessive mirth; for it did not seem to me that I had said anything so remarkably droll. Presently, the Georgian and his lady arrived. She greeted me like an iron post, and he with extreme cordiality. Shaking my hand with friendly warmth, he said, "Now, you will accept my invitation, will you not? Do come to my country seat next summer, and stay six weeks. Angelina Grimké and her sister have promised to come." I seated myself near him, and after some general conversation, expressed my surprrise that he had so soon settled his affairs. "What have you done concerning the subject on which we talked so much?" said I. "Oh," replied he; "it is ——*slavery* you mean, I suppose. All I can say is, that if I were convinced of your premises, I should admit your conclusions. If I thought slaveholding wrong, I should abandon it, immediately; but believing it to be right, I have resolved to maintain it. I can prove to you the truth of a statement I have often made; that my slaves do not want their freedom. The slaves have a great dread of the North, and especially of the abolitionists;" and he made a profound bow, as he added, "They call you *bob-o-litionists*, madam." I could scarcely repress the rising laugh; but I turned to receive a letter which he offered me, with another deep inclination of the head. He said it was from his lawyer; and as nearly as I can recollect, the purport of it was as follows:

"DEAR SIR—According to orders, I shipped your slaves, P. and A. on board the brig ——, for New-York. The vessel was detained by a snag in the river, and P. asked leave to go ashore. She went, and as she did not return in season, the captain left her. She seems to be in great distress about it. A. has run off. He was probably frightened at the prospect of going to the North, among the *bobolitionists*."

When I had read the letter, he said, "Now, would you believe it, madam, this same P. although she is a stupid weneh, contrived to follow me to Boston; and this morning, to our surprise, she walked into our lodgings. But the fact is, she is so attached to us, that we couldn't *whip* her away; and that is the case with most of the slaves. How she found her way from the railroad depot, is a marvel to me; for she is very dull of comprehension; but the fact is, she is so attached to us, that she would be as sure to find us, as a favorite dog would to find his master."

He then went to Mrs. Loring, and repeated the story to her; expressing his surprise that P. had found her way from the depot, when she did not know in what street they lodged; and again and again declaring she was so much attached to him, that he could not *whip* her away.

The evening seemed long; for we all grew very tired of this elaborate sham. At last, the Georgian went away, and the carriage wheels had scarcely rolled off, when most of the company burst into peals of laughter. "What *is* the matter, said I. "Oh, Maria, this is *such* a comedy!" exclaimed Mrs. Loring. "Agreeably to a promise I made before he went to Georgia, I sent to invite his wife to meet a few abolitionists; and to my great surprise, I received an answer that he had returned, and could not deny himself the pleasure of accompanying her. I went in person to invite a few abolition friends, and at Mrs. Chapman's I found a colored woman, who was introduced as his slave P. She was the very one who went ashore when the vessel was snagged; and the self-same woman who came with him to Boston two years ago, when the writ of *habeas corpus* was served! 'How, upon earth, came you here?' said I. 'Why, ma'am, when I came to the North before, a gentleman told me I could take my freedom; but I felt bad about doing it, because my husband was in slavery. But my husband told me I was a great fool for doing so. 'Don't you lose the next chance,' said he; 'and never fear but what I'll follow you.' We had been laying plans to run off, for a good while; but we always told *master* we didn't want our freedom. When he told me I was to come to the North again, I thought to myself it would be a grand chance. When I got to New-York, I found my clothes had been sent to master, in Boston; for the vessel brought them away, and left me. So I come on here; and the first colored man I see, I asked him, if he could tell me where Mr. ——, of Georgia, lived. 'Are you his slave?' said he; 'because, if you are, you can take your freedom here.' 'Never you mind that,' said I; 'he has got my *trunk*, and I want to see *him*, now.' So he called to a white gentleman, who asked me, 'Are you a slave? because, if you are, you can take your freedom.' So I looked at him, out of the corner of my eye; and says I, 'I guess you are friendly to the colored folks; but master 's got my *trunk*, and I want to find *him*, now.' So he told me Mrs. Chapman knew where master lodged; and he brought me here.'" "Is Mr. —— a bad master?" asked Mrs. Loring. "No; not so bad as some," was the reply. "He don't flog his slaves, as some do; but you can't trust to a word he says. He will promise you that he never will sell you, as long as he lives; and just as likely as not, he has told a man to come and drive you off in a coffle, the very next morning. He sold a boy, the day before he come away. He an't so rich now as he used to be; and he has to eat a nigger every now and then. He han't got a very good name in Georgia; and I reckon that's the reason he talks of moving north. He had some difficulty about a tanning-vat. Folks said he took out another gentleman's well-dressed hides, and put in his raw ones."

D. L. Child here remarked, that a man who had been so long accustomed to steal hides with the bodies in them, might naturally consider it no greater affair to take hides *without* the bodies.

It happened that Mrs. Loring was going through the street where the Georgian lodged, and she offered to take the slave along with her. "You may tell your master that I did so," said she; "and that I was glad to hear you meant to take your freedom." But P. had the timidity and cunning incident to her situation; and she begged Mrs. L. to take her to the lodgings, but not to say a word about her, till she was safely off with her trunk.

All this had been concealed from me, and several others of the company, for fear we should not be able to treat the southerner with as much politeness as we otherwise should. Mrs. Loring, and those who were in the secret, listened, meanwhile, with well-assumed gravity to his frequent assertions that P. was so much attached to him, that he couldn't *whip* her away; and how wonderful it was that she found her way to his lodgings. Again and again, it was on the tip of her tongue to exclaim, "Why, *I brought her to your door*; and when you go home to-night, you will find she has whipped *herself* away;" but the promise she had made the slave, restrained her natural frankness.

I had some fears that P. was likewise acting a part; that she had been taught to fear abolitionists; and that we should find ourselves tricked by both master and slave. But the next morning, P. was reported among the missing. Her master met John E. Fuller, who had carried the writ on board the vessel, and told P. that she was free by Massachusetts law. At first, the Georgian was slightly disconcerted; but he immediately recovered his cool urbanity, and bowing very politely, said, "So, Mr. Fuller, you abolitionists have triumphed. My slave has taken her freedom. I am exceedingly glad of it. I would have given it to her, at any time, if I had known she wanted it. I am only sorry that she took it in such a *mean* way."

P.'s husband followed her in a few months. Knowing her intense anxiety to see him, it was thought best to send her a message, that would gradually prepare her mind for the glad surprise. Notwithstanding this precaution, she fell senseless as soon as she became aware that he had really arrived. Their meeting was affecting, in the extreme. They laughed and cried, and laughed again. Their friends reminded them that they would have to work hard, and provide for themselves. "No matter! no matter!" exclaimed the grateful husband; "we *can* work, thank God! Freedom is worth working for." "And let what will happen to us," said the joyful wife, "they can't *sell* us from one another, now." She clapped her hands, and throwing her arms about his neck, again sobbed out, "They can't *sell* us, now!"

Thus did the Georgian inquirer receive *light* on the subject of the "peculiar institution." The slaves are safe, and seem to know extremely well how to "take care of themselves."—L. M. C.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER RECEIVED FROM PHILADELPHIA, DATED JAN. 18, 1843.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mexico, dated Dec. 24th, via Havana. This letter states, "that the troops of the departments had declared against the convention; that on the 19th December the garrison of Mexico had done likewise, and prevented the reassembling of the convention; and on the same day the executive government had issued a decree dissolving it. The whole was effected without any untoward occurrence, as was to have been expected. The convention being entirely destitute of the means of resistance, contented itself with issuing a manifesto; and then the members retired to their respective dwellings."

Two attempts have been made in the House of Repreeatatives, to call upon the President for information in relation to the proceedings of Commodore Jones, in California. Their failure has not been owing to a want of interest in the subject, nor, I should hope, of just views concerning it; but rather from a wish to give time for full information to be received by the government.

It is a misfortune to have, at this time, at the head of the navy department, an individual, who has for many years shown a prurient desire that new territory, and new markets for enhancing the profits of slave breeding, should be opened to Virginia. It is impossible to feel confidence that either the honor or interests of the *nation* are safe in the hands of a man with such views.

A very important report has been made by Mr. Winthrop, in the House, from the committee on commerce, condemning the abuse of the acts of southern States for imprisoning and selling colored seamen. The report is able and conclusive: seven, out of nine, members of the committee concurring. Mr. Rayner, of North Carolina, made a counter report. Five thousand extra copies of both were ordered to be printed.—D. L. C.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Committee of the Chester County (Pa.) Anti-Slavery Society have made arrangements to hold a Convention at Friends' Meeting House, in Marlborough, on Seventh Day, the 4th of next month, (February,) at 10 o'clock, A. M. Isaac T. Hopper has been urgently invited to be present, and take part in the proceedings, which are expected to be highly interesting. It is his intention to be there.

HIRAM WILSON'S SETTLEMENT.

We would call attention to the very interesting Annual Report of the Canada Mission, with the credentials of the committee associated with Hiram Wilson. For want of room, we were obliged to put it on the first page.

☞ The letter containing the obituary of Ellen Byrne, in last week's paper, was accidentally destroyed, and the directions thereby lost. In consequence of this accident, four copies of the Standard were sent to the postmaster of Willimantic, Conn. with directions to deliver them to such friends of Ellen Byrne, as called for them.

☞ The Day in Kentucky, on our last page, should have been credited to William H. Channing, of Brooklyn, New-York, instead of William F. Channing, son of the late Dr. Channing.

☞ Read the Call for the GREAT STATE CONVENTION IN CONNECTICUT ☜

Anti-Slavery Items.

GOVERNOR DAVIS'S MESSAGE IN THE LATIMER CASE.—Governor Davis, of Massachusetts, in his communication to the executive of Virginia, explains the reasons of his refusal to comply with the requisition of the latter, for the delivery of the slave Latimer, that the affidavit of Gray, on which the requisition was based, does not, in his opinion, contain sufficient evidence of the larceny to convict Latimer. It is said that a second requisition has been made by Virginia. Whittier's noble lines (on the last page,) are the best answer that could be sent.

THE DARK COMPLEXIONED AMBASSADOR.—We have mentioned the arrival of a Sandwich Island Chief at Washington, with Mr. Richards, a missionary, to claim our recognition of the independence of those islands, and to settle certain commercial relations. The Hampshire Gazette gives the following account of the insult to which he was subjected, on account of his complexion:

Rev. Mr. Richards and the Chief took passage in the steamer Globe, at New-York, for New Haven. On applying for breakfast tickets, the clerk offered Mr. Richards one for himself, and a half one (admitting to the second table) for *his servant*. Mr. Richards informed him, that the so-called *servant* was a Sandwich Island Chief, and an *ambassador* to the United States, and *had been so accredited at Washington*. The clerk replied, that this made no difference, and if the man breakfasted at all, he must do so with the servants. In a mild way, Mr. Richards appealed to Captain Stone, and he fully justified the decision of the clerk. The result was, that Mr. Richards was either obliged to separate from his friend, or share with him the degradation. He chose the latter course, and both of them took breakfast with the blacks, and other servants of the boat!

I know not how others may be affected by these facts, but I feel grieved and ashamed, that men of intelligence and respectability, coming to us from other nations, should be so grossly insulted. It was not because the chief was profane, or drunken, or indecent, that he was denied admission to the table. This would have been a reasonable apology for such conduct. But it was because he happened to wear a *colored skin!!* This it was that degraded a high functionary of a foreign government, and an accredited agent to our own, in the eyes of Captain Stone! I am happy to learn that the chief manifested no ill-will towards Captain Stone; thus showing that he was above him in liberality of feeling."

TENNESSEE.—Attempts are still making to separate East Tennessee, from the other part of the State. One leading object of the measure is the abolition of slavery, that part of the State being much less involved in the system, and much opposed to its continuance. Says a letter from East Tennessee, "I think the time will soon come when men here will engage openly in the anti-slavery cause, risking all the slaveholder can do, *should he even lead them to the stake*." No doubt the time is approaching when the best men in the South will go to the stake before they will have their mouths shut respecting the abominations of slavery.—*Liberty Stand.*

THE CENSUS.—It has excited some surprise, that in the census for 1840, twenty-two slaves were returned for New England; and many have felt mortified by the undeserved stigma. Those returned as slaves were the negroes of the Amistad, then residing in Connecticut.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE LONE STAR.—Mr. Adams says that the constitution of the republic of Texas virtually repudiates the sublime doctrine of the natural rights of men, by saying, "All men, *when they form a social compact*, have equal rights." This, it will be seen, is no bar to the introduction of slavery to any extent. The same instrument prohibits emancipation without the consent of the legislature, and forbids a free colored person to enter the nation without the permission of the legislature.—*Standard of Liberty.*

THE GREAT LATIMER PETITIONS.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to call the attention of your readers to the Latimer petitions. More than 50,000 names have been already obtained, and the number ought to be tripled, and can be. Let every one sign to whom they are offered, and let every one who would not wish to be a slave himself, do a little towards circulating them, and seven times that number could easily be obtained. Worcester county *ought* to take the lead, and *can* do it. Let ten persons in each town agree to try to beat Leominster, which has returned 780 names; or, if that is too much, try to beat little Leicester, where 535 have been procured, and one or two hundred more will be. Just try it, and see how easy it will be. What *are* Athol, and Barre, and Fitchburg, Grafton, Holden, Lancaster, Mendon, Milford, Northbridge, Petersham, Princeton Rutland, Spencer, Sutton, Uxbridge, Warren, Westborough, Winchenden, and Worcester doing in this matter? Is Milbury coming out at the little end of the horn with but 126 names? *Wake up, and try again.* And so should half the other towns which have made returns. Just give a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and the work will be done. And let the petitions be returned by the 26th of January without fail.

Some well-meaning citizens refuse to sign the petition to our legislature, because they consider it treasonable to the Constitution. The Supreme Court, in the case of *Martin* vs. *Hunter's lessee*, 1 Wheat. 304, 380, decided, that "Congress cannot vest any portion of the judicial power of the United States, except in courts ordained and established by itself." This is an old decision, which applies directly, to the power of State magistrates to act under the law of Congress. In the case *Prigg* vs. *Pennsylvania*, the court says, "The owner of the slave is clothed with the authority in every State of the Union, to seize and recapture his slave; whenever he can do it without any breach of the peace, or illegal violence. In this sense, and to this extent, this clause in the Constitution, may properly be said to execute itself, and to require no aid from legislation, State or national." The court says further, "The natural inference certainly is, that the national government is clothed with the appropriate authority and functions to enforce the delivery of the fugitive on the claim of the master;" and that, "It might well be deemed an unconstitutional exercise of the power of interpretation, to insist that the States are bound to provide means to carry into effect the duties of the national government;" but, "that State magistrates, MAY *if they choose*, exercise the authority, UNLESS PROHIBITED BY STATE LEGISLATION."

You will see, by the above, that the citizens of Massachusetts are under no obligation to turn slave-hunter, catch pole, bum-bailiff, or bloodhound, at the bidding of a southern gentlemen—that we are under no obligation to permit our dwelling-houses, our out-buildings, our court-houses, our jails, our judges, our coarts, our sheriffs, our constables, or our justices of the peace, to be used to help the oppressor. Then who will be willing that our State authority or State property shall be used, "for a superogatory act," of such "exceeding meanness" as this? Let all those who will not, manifest it by signing the petitions. Let old Massachusetts be true to herself, and to her former fame in this matter, and all will yet be well.

Yours, for the slave,
W. B. E.
Massachusetts Spy.

Congress.

The Repeal of the Bankrupt Act has passed the House. The repeal to take effect from the passage of the act, which will not be much before the 3d of March.

On the 20th of January, Mr. Winthrop, from the committee on commerce, made a long report upon the subject of the imprisonment of our free colored sailors, while engaged in the lawful pursuit of their occupation, in southern ports. It concluded with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the seizure and imprisonment, in any port of this Union, of free colored seamen, citizens of any of the States, and against whom there is no charge but that of entering said port in the prosecution of their rightful business, is a violation of the privileges of citizenship guaranteed by the 2d section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That the seizure and imprisonment, in any port of this Union, of free colored seamen, on board of foreign vessels, against whom there is no charge but that of entering said port in the course of their lawful business, is a breach of the comity of nations, is incompatible with the rights of all nations in amity with the United States; and, in relation to nations with whom the United States have formed commercial conventions, is a violation of the 6th article of the federal Constitution, which declares that treaties are a part of the supreme law of the land.

Resolved, That any State laws, by which certain classes of seamen are prohibited from entering certain ports of this Union, in the prosecution of their rightful business, are in contravention of the paramount and exclusive power of the general government to regulate commerce.

Resolved, That the police power of the States can justify no enactments or regulations which are in direct, positive, and permanent conflict with express provisions or fundamental principles of the national compact.

Abbott Lawrence, Benjamin Rice, and one hundred and fifty other merchants and shipmasters of Boston, had presented a memorial to Congress on this subject. Petitions from other parts of the country, likewise represented the great inconvenience to merchants and sea-captains, and the injustice done to seamen, by the existing laws of slaveholding States. The committee of commerce, to whom these were referred, consists of Winthrop, Mass.; Toland, Pa.; Ferris, N. Y.; Andrews, O.; Childs, N. Y.; Randall, Me.; Kennedy, Md.; Rayner, N. C.

Mr. Winthrop stated, when he presented his report, that he was instructed by the committee to say that it had received the assent of seven out of the nine members composing the committee.

Mr. Rayner, of North Carolina, drew up an elaborate minority report, in opposition to any action on the subject. Mr. R. said he trusted the House would consent unanimously, that an extra number should be printed. There was involved a very important point of constitutional law.

The resolution appended to the minority report was read, as follows, and was proposed by Mr. R. as a substitute for all the resolutions of the majority:

That the committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, said that the reports were elaborate, presenting some important questions, in relation to which he partly agreed with both reports, and dissented as to some others, on which he could not make up his mind to coincide in with either. He did not know whether an opportunity would hereafter occur to him to present a separate report. He hoped, however, to do so. At all events, when the subject came up, he should state the grounds on which he differed from his colleagues of the committee.

Mr. K. hoped an extra number of copies of both reports would be printed.

Mr. Black, of Georgia, was opposed to printing the report of the majority, but *in favor of printing that of the minority*.

This magnanimous motion did not prevail. It was voted to print the usual number of both reports.

Mr. Briggs offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the committee on Revolutionary Pensions be instructed to inquire into the expediency of giving a pension to John Cary, a free colored man, a native of the county of Westmoreland, State of Virginia, now a resident of this District, who says he was a body servant of General Washington, at the time of Braddock's defeat, in 1755, and was present at that battle; and that he was a servant of General Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781; and who is believed to be 112 years old.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week, ending 1st mo. (Jan.) 21st, 1843.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2:—H M Thompkins, Commons, R. I.; William Waterworth, Salem, O.; Edmund Davis, N. Andover, Mass.; Elisha Morrow, Richmond, Ind.; Lewis Greenleaf, Henniker, N. H.; H A Kent, New-York city; James Thompson, Barre, Mass.; Francis Kelsey, Harveysburgh, O.; James B Anderson, Frankfort, O.; Sarah I Gillespie, Bloomingburg, O.; Joshua Stanton, South Wilbraham, Mass.; James Ingraham, S. Hadley, Mass.; Rhoda B Wells, Deerfield, Mass.; Arms & Lincoln, do.; Thomas Bailey, Kingston, Mass.; Perine Bliss, Worcester, Mass.; Wendell Phillips, Boston; William I Bowditch, do.; Desire Lincoln, Cambridge, Mass.; Gershom Griffin, Macedon Centre, N. Y.; William Fox, Seneca Falls.

E C Smith, for Standard sent to Five Corners, Cayuga county, N. Y. $5; Joel Wright, Newmansville, Tenn. $3; Providence package, by James Monroe, $18 75. The following persons, E. Greenwich, R. I. have each paid $1 50: Alonzo V Dawley, Lucy G Eldridge, Catharine Cornell, Christopher Hawkins, Benjamin Maxwell, Louisa Casy, John Brown, C C Eldridge, Esek Spencer, John Fiske, Ebenezer Slocum, and George Kenyon.—Epaphras Hoit, Deerfield, Mass. $1; Solomon West, S. Wilbraham, Mass. $1; Morris Munson, Greenfield, Mass. $1; Joseph Wyman, North Vassalboro, Me. $1; G Ransdell, Egypt, N. Y. $5. The following persons, Egypt, Monroe county, N. Y. have each paid $1 67: A R Cole, John Loud, Lee A Carney, and I Snediker.—William Scott, Perrington, N. Y. $1 67; Elias Durfee, Marion, N. Y. $1; Eliza Smith, Deans Corners, N. Y. $1; Jonathan Sedgwick, Waterloo, N. Y. $1.

Donations.—Caleb Kelton, Washington, R. I. $5; John Kelton, do. $5; A Anthony, do. $1 20; Joseph Arnold, Olneyville, R. I. $1; James B Price, E. Greenwich, R. I. $2; T R Dawley, do. $1; James Barton, Olneyville, R. I. $2; C H Franklin, do. $10; Benjamin Anthony, do. $1; A friend, do. 25 cts.; S Waterman, do. 50 cts.; M Cheney, do. 52 cts.; Lenj Brown, do. 25 cts.; C C Eldridge, E. Greenwich, R. I. $4; John Brown, do. $3; Anna Howland, do. (for Vigilance Committee) $1; W G Weaver, do. $1; East Greenwich Social Circle, $14; Thomas Paine, Olneyville, R. I. 50 cts.; Mercy Kelley, do. 50 cts.; John Proctor, do. $1; Sylvanus Stebbins, $1; Strong West, $1; Wm Davis 20 cts.; Lucian Stanton, 25 cts.; Caleb Stebbins, 50 cts.; Josiah Snow, $1; Spencer Snow, $1; Isaac Smith, $3 75.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Monterey and Commodore Jones.—The Charleston (S.C.) Courier contains the following extract from a letter dated, City of Mexico, Dec. 24th:

"I presume your friends on the coast will have informed you of the affair of Monterey, in which Commodore Jones took possession of that place. The government here are very indignant, and not at all satisfied with the apology of Commodore Jones. By a letter from Topic of the 8th, I see that an officer from the squadron had left there, on his way to the United States."

A writer in the N. Y. Evening Express says: "To add to the singularity of Commodore Jones's movement, it appears that in his summons for the surrender of the place, he not only signed himself Commander-in-Chief of the naval forces of the United States, in the Pacific, but likewise *of the naval and military expedition* FOR THE OCCUPATION OF THE CALIFORNIAS!"

It has been reported that Commodore Jones had been recalled, in consequence of his rash proceedings; but Mr. Wise has stated, in Congress, that this report was not true.

Important from Mexico.—A late arrival at New Orleans, brings intelligence from the city of Mexico to the 24th of December. Another movement of a highly important character, had just been made in the political matters of the republic. By a nearly simultaneous movement throughout the country, the army had declared against the new federal constitution, recently promulgated by congress, then in session, and in favor of Santa Anna! The revolution was a very one-sided affair, and was accomplished without violence or disorder. Congress being without a party, and destitute of means, was wholly unable to maintain its authority. The members, therefore, issued a manifesto, and quietly dispersed.—Forty of the most respectable citizens of the republic had already been selected to draft a new constitution, which was to be submitted to Santa Anna and his ministers, for their approbation. In the meantime, Santa Anna remains invested with power, at all events, for six months to come.—*National Intelligencer.*

President Houston.—The president of Texas, in an article in the Texas Times, is accused of corresponding clandestinely with Mexico—of misappropriating the public funds—of purloining sundry acts of the legislature, among others, one appropriating 100,000 acres of land to the use of the Santa Fé prisoners—and many other equally improper acts.

Earthquakes.—On the 4th inst. there was a considerable earthquake felt in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia; but not in Louisiana, except, perhaps, in the northern part of the State; nor in the Atlantic States, north of South Carolina. Its greatest violence was in the neighborhood of Memphis, Tenn. and in the northern part of Mississippi. It continued about thirty seconds. Windows rattled violently—the earth reeled like a drunken man—there was a heavy, rumbling sound, as if some seventeen hundred and fifty heavy-loaded wagons had been driven briskly along the street—and many people were affected with a sensation like sea-sickness. There was great terror, and shrieking, in some places; and many rushed into the street, thinking their houses were about to fall. No damage, however, was done, excepting to glass and crockery. The fact of its not having been felt at New Orleans, authorizes the belief that its centre of operations was within the limits of the U. States.

The Weather.—From all quarters, we have accounts of the unusual mildness. In New-York, the mercury has gone up to 57 degrees; and last week, many people sat at their open windows all day. The Canada papers say there has been a thaw there, more remarkable than any that has occurred for sixty years. The Philadelphia Gazette, of January 20th, says: "The weather for the past week has been so warm, that the buds of several kinds of shrubs and bushes seem quite disposed to go into leaves; and bulbous roots are swelling, and sending up their stalks, as if 'the winter were past.' These precocious things will have a nipping; and we are afraid the peach trees will also suffer by the premature swelling of the buds."

Powers, the American Sulptor.—There has been a report that this celebrated artist was assassinated in Italy. We rejoice to learn that he is still alive, to bless the world with the beautiful productions of his genius. A letter from him, to a friend in Cincinnati, details a most diabolical plot to assassinate him, which originated in professional jealousy.

Cruelty.—A lad by the name of Gillet, 14 years of age, was made by his employer, one Viets, to get up at one o'clock, in the morning of the 3d inst. at Granby, Conn. and clothed only in thin cotton trowsers, and a short, thin jacket, ride eighteen miles with a load of wood, on a bitter cold morning, to Hartford. The consequence was, that the boy was frozen from his head to his feet, and died a day or two afterwards. The inhuman employer will be proceeded against.

NOTICES.

COURSE OF ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN BOSTON.

The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society has made arrangements for a course of lectures, to be delivered at Amory Hall, by the following persons:

William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Frederic Douglas, Edmund Quincy, John Pierpont, Charles Lenox Remond, Samuel J. May, and George Bradburn.

Tickets for the course, at $1 00 each, may be obtained at the book stores, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 25 Cornhill, and at the door. The first lecture will be given on the first Monday evening in February, by one of the above-named gentlemen. The deep interests of all the aspects of the subject of slavery, at the present moment, together with the knowledge, eminent ability and experience, great eloquence and devotedness to the anti-slavery cause, of these gentlemen, with their entire freedom from partisan views and feelings, cannot fail to make this course of lectures a source of great benefit and satisfaction to all who attend them. Notice will be given of the division of subjects and order of lectures, as soon as the arrangements are completed.

GREAT STATE CONVENTION IN CONNECTICUT,

To be held in Manchester, Hartford County, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 14th, 15th, and 16th of February.

TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF CONNECTICUT,—The pleasing duty of inviting you, one and all, to meet in convention, at Manchester, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of February, has been imposed upon me, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The object of this meeting is to institute a State Anti-Slavery Society, upon the principles which govern the American Society, and to deliberate and act upon great questions connected with the present interest and future welfare of our enterprise. The responsibilities of the cause should be thrown upon the many, rather than the few. The whole country should be thoroughly organized. Our relations to both Church and State, which are, and have been, arrayed against the anti-slavery movement, are such, at the present time, as to demand of all true hearts that sacrifice and self-denial necessary to convince every one, hostile to the anti-slavery enterprise, that we regard the inalienable rights of our colored brothers and sisters, weighed down, by chains at the South, and with inhuman prejudices at the North, more than the interest of sect or party. You are earnestly called upon to come up to this meeting, with the firm conviction, that our cause has arrived at a crisis, when such a convention is imperiously demanded. The subtlety of slavery, and the vigilance and activity of our opponents are such, as require that we should make use of all proper instrumentalities, that can be used, to urge forward this great cause, which is destined to give liberty to the slave, equality to the poor people of color, and to secure harmony and pros

Poetry.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The blast from Freedom's northern hills, upon its southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay:—
No word of haughty challenging—nor battle-bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go—
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of Commerce swell, but none are spread for War.

We hear thy threats, Virginia—thy stormy words and high
Swell harshly on the southern winds, which melt along our sky;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand, foregoes its honest labor here;
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

What means the Old Dominion?—Hath she forgot the day,
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array—
And side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath
Of northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
False to their fathers' memory—false to the faith they loved;
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts, from Truth and Duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from slavery's hateful hell—
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell—
We gather at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God!—not yet so vilely, can Massachusetts bow,
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and calm, and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave, and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark, loathsome burden, ye must stagger with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold while ye may your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air,
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath, against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the *shambles* where human flesh is sold—
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when
The madden'd mother's cry of wo shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame, and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from freedom's shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain-men;
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey,
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,
How through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;
How from its bonds of *trade* and *sect* the Pilgrim city broke!

An hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high;
An hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,
And up from bench, and sounding loom, her young mechanics sprang.

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as of one—
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington—
From Norfolk's ancient villages—from Plymouth's rocky bound,
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods, the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain cedars stir,
Swelled up to heaven the thrilling cry, of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray—
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters—
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice, what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurn'd our kindest counsels—you've hunted for our lives—
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within
We leave ye with your bondmen—to wrestle while ye can,
With the strong, upward tendencies, and God-like soul of man!
But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given,
For freedom and humanity, is register'd in Heaven:
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!

Miscellany.

From the Liberty Bell.

A DAY IN KENTUCKY.

BY WILLIAM F. CHANNING.

A tap with a riding-whip on the door roused me from my book, and, opening it, I saw before me an elderly man, of some sixty years, tall in stature, erect as an Indian, with a cheek where the brown and red were blended in perfect health, and whose long, white hair floated over his shoulders.

"Allow me," said he, with an air of sweeping and graceful courtesy, "to announce myself as John Kemp. I heard, from my friend S. that you were here; and propose to you to take a ride to my farm. The morning is glorious; the horses at the door; the road good; my boy will bring your portmanteau; the ladies will be glad to see you; my sons are noble fellows; I promise you a pleasant time; and will take no refusal." And, shaking me by the hand, with a warm, yet dignified welcome, he seated himself till I should be ready.

The morning was glorious, as he said; bright and soft as October everywhere is, in the western valley. A blue haze hung round the horizon; the woods were glowing with golden and crimson; on sandy slopes the frost still glittered on the grass; the birds, with chirping notes of song, and twinkling wings, flew in and out of the bushes; the lizard and the adder were sunning themselves; and the squirrel overhead rustling the leaves as he sprang on the cracking boughs; the smoke curled steadily up from the brush-fires; long silvery lines of gossamer floated on the air; and the tilting leaves twirled circling down upon our path. The air and scene unloosed our tongues and hearts; and, as we passed along, with the swinging trot of the Kentucky horses, we talked with the openness of old friends.

Slavery, of course, was one of the topics; and I found, on this occasion, as I invariably have, that a southern man could unhesitatingly say a hundred things of the evils of this relation, which many a northern man would blush and stammer over, and apologize for, and explain about. Amongst other things, the judge said: "Young B. of Boston, was here somewhile ago, and sought to ingratiate himself with me, by speaking of slavery as favorable to free-mindedness in the masters. Shame on such sycophants!" cried he, rising in his stirrups as he spoke, and dashing with his whip a burr from a chestnut tree, beneath which we were passing, as if in uncontrollable impatience. "Shame on the sycophants! when we are sick at heart with this social cancer, to force this nauseous flattery down our throats, as you would give opium to a dying man. If he had not been my guest, I would have horsewhipped him for a mean-spirited fool, as he was."

I shall not soon forget that day;—the quiet luxury, and yet simplicity of the style of living; the frank courtesy, the confident, self-respecting, and respectful, bold, and gay air of the men; the somewhat haughty, yet gentle, and easy manner of the women, above all, the overflowing affectionateness of each other, and the hospitality, without a reserve or an effort, to me, a stranger. But, on this point, I cannot dwell;—I wish to relate what was told me in the afternoon, by one of the daughters, as we walked over the estate.

"It all looks bright, and peaceful, and happy, does it not?" said she, as, standing on a little knoll under a group of hickory trees, she pointed over the wide fields to the family mansion, and the cluster of slave huts, at whose doors the children, in swarms, were playing, with the noisy glee of the African. "But," she continued, after a gloomy pause, "to us, who know what slavery is, this peace is the green corruption of a stagnant pool—the peace of death. Oh! worse, far worse! It is the yawning grave of humanity. Do you see that spreading beech yonder, just on the edge of the hemp-field, where the ditch runs? It was there that my brother Frank received the blow on the forehead, of which you observed, perhaps, the scar. I will tell you about it. It was his duty, at that time, to keep the nightly watch. For you know," said she, turning to me, with a smile of bitter irony, "that we have to be *guardians* to these poor friends, who love us so as never to leave us. Well, Frank kept the nightly watch. Armed to the teeth, (with a dark lantern,) he passed once or twice, or oftener, round the plantation. One stormy night, some two years since, he had reached that spot, when suddenly he heard a crackling sound through the hemp stalks. He cloaked his lantern, drew a pistol, and stepped behind the tree. In a moment, a man, with stealthy tread, approached the ditch, which is the boundary of the farm on that side. Frank flashed the light upon him. It was his own favorite slave, Ned;—of the same age with himself—almost a foster brother, for his mother was Frank's nurse; his fellow-rambler in the woods, his playfellow through early years. Hunting, fishing, swimming, nutting, taming horses, every sport had been shared by them. Frank loved that man, and Ned, I believe in my heart, loved him. He was high-spirited and manly, though a negro; strong, bold, and somewhat passionate; and, as we found out afterwards, had been struck that day by the overseer. It was a dreadful meeting. 'Ned,' said my brother, 'turn back! I cannot in honor let you go. I am my father's watchman. You pass that ditch only over my body. Come! turn back. You know that I am your friend. We all are your friends.' 'Master Frank,' answered the noble fellow—for he was so, though he almost killed my brother—'Master Frank! God knows I would die for you, but I forewarn you I will not be taken. That wretch shall never lay his hand on me again. Let me pass, I beseech you! let me pass.' Frank stood firm. Again Ned besought him in vain. He then turned to leap aside. Frank cried, 'Beware! I shall fire;' and quick as thought Ned struck him a stunning blow. He fell, utterly insensible. And what did that man do? Did he leap the ditch, and fly? No! he took my bleeding brother on his shoulders; he carried him to the nearest slave hut; roused the inmates; set him erect by the door; and then, and not till then, made his escape. Time enough elapsed before Frank could come to himself, and be carried to the house, and my father waked, for Ned to get clear off; the darkness, too, and the storm, favored him. He was gone. And I do believe we were all glad. Frank never blamed him. How could he? In the same case, would he not have done the same? Well, two months passed away, when, early one morning, the overseer found Ned asleep under some bushes, and brought him to the house. I will tell you where he had been, afterwards; but see the cunning of the creature; a cunning and deceit that we sow in all slaves, and therefore ought to reap. He knelt to my father, and said, 'Pardon, master! pardon! I have tried free bread, and it is not good. No friends for the poor slave among the free white folks, over the river, and so I have come back to you, master.' My father did not have him punished; but ordered him to be bound with ropes, and left in an empty room. The day passed,—two or three days, indeed,—and Ned was still bound. Meanwhile, the overseer threatened him with being *sent down the river*. You know what that means, don't you? It means to sweat and starve, and die by inches in the sugar-fields of Louisiana. Ned caught the alarm. By connivance of some one, he got a knife; and, when all was still, cut his ropes, and cautiously made his way out of the house. It was a stormy night—his tracks were plain; but he could not help it. He ran to the neighboring plantation yonder, where his wife lived, and gave his peculiar whistle under her window. She was awake, and heard him. Poor soul! I dare say, she had hardly slept, from anxiety, for the two months after he ran away. She raised the window. 'Jump down!' whispered Ned. 'Jump down, just as you are. Wait not a second.' She jumped; and, catching her in his arms, they escaped together.

"Next morning, pursuit was made from both plantations; not that my father wished Ned to be taken, but our neighbor was not willing to lose the woman, who was a house servant, and very valuable. The pursuers, however, were deceived by the tracks, which were half buried up, and chilled and blinded by the storm, which was uncommonly severe, for this part of the world; and at night, gave up the hunt. We heard no more of them till last summer; when, travelling through Canada, whom should we find, as a servant at the hotel in Prescott, but this rascal, Ned. At first, he was shy and grave, and affected perfect ignorance. But it was always a saying of my father's, 'If a nigger has sense enough to run off, and get safely out of the States, he must be a smart fellow, and has sense enough, too, to take care of himself, and he shall be free and welcome; and Ned soon saw that we were his friends, and told us his adventures. It seems, that when he first escaped, he made his way good to Canada; but, no sooner did he feel himself safe, than the thought of his wife, in slavery, so overcame him, than he instantly resolved to return, at all risks, and free her, too. Night and day he travelled back, till he reached our plantation; when, utterly overcome with fatigue and hunger, he fell asleep, and was taken. Then, as I have told you, he 'played 'possom,' as the negroes say, till he caught the hint of being sent away; when he again escaped. And now see how a kind Providence aided those poor creatures. Would you believe it? The men who pursued them, came to the very barn, into which they had crept for concealment when the day broke; they trod, over and over again, upon their bodies, which were covered by the heaps of straw and hay; they cursed and swore, and vowed to take them, at the very ears of the victims; and yet they were kept safe. As soon as it was night, they set off again through the snow, and hid themselves a second time in the wood, half frozen and famished. The third night, they reached the Ohio, by good fortune found a boat, paddled themselves over, and were safe. Friends forwarded them to Canada; and, when we saw them, they were as happy as people could be, with every prospect of success. And now," said the beautiful girl, drawing herself up to her full height, and folding her arms, "I know not what you may think, for some of you northerners seem to me, with all deference, to have the spirit of slaves yourselves; but, Kentuckian as I am, and on this slave soil, I dare to say it, Ned is a hero—a hero, who, if he had lived in the good old days of Greece, would have had his deeds immortalized in the strains of some Homer."

The conversation of this spirited woman gave rise to some thoughts, which I will briefly state, for the benefit of those dull folks, who are too lazy to crack a nut and pick out the kernel.

1. *All* slaveholders are not insensible to the great outrages daily committed by slavery upon justice and affection; nor indifferent to the welfare of those whom they know to be brethren. There are pure-hearted men and women at the South, deserving our respect, our sympathy, counsel, aid, and prayers.

2. If a northern man relishes contempt and insult, he can find it, in any quantity and intensity, by professing to be an admirer of their "peculiar domestic institutions" at the South. Southerners rarely believe such professions, and are apt to think him who makes them, a hypocrite; or, if they suppose him sincere, to despise him for a mean-spirited, stupid booby.

3. If, even under slavery, the African race exhibits such heroic and lovely traits, would they not be noble men, if bound to their white fellow-freemen by the triple bond of gratitude, and mutual confidence, and generous emulation?

LIFE IN MEXICO.

This book, lately published, appears, from the extracts we have seen, to be a very lively and entertaining journal of life in all its passing varieties, in the beautiful region it describes. It was originally written in the form of letters to friends, and not intended for publication. It is written by Madame C—— de la B. an American lady, wife of an intelligent gentleman, formerly the Spanish minister to the United States, and afterwards sent by Spain, in a diplomatic capacity, to Mexico, where they resided ten years. We extract the following:

A VISIT TO SANTA ANNA, IN 1839.

At length, we began to see symptoms of vegetation, occasional palm trees, and flowers; and by the time we reached a pretty Indian village, where we stopped to change mules, the light had broken in, and we seemed to have been transported, as if by enchantment, from a desert to a garden. It was altogether a picturesque and a striking scene; the huts, composed of bamboo, and thatched with palm-leaves; the Indian women, with their long, black hair, standing at the doors, with their half-naked children; the mules, rolling themselves on the ground, according to their favorite fashion; snow-white goats, browsing among the palm-trees, and the air soft, and balmy, the first breath of the morning; the dew-drops still glittering on the broad leaves of the banana and palm, and all around silent, cool, and still.

The huts, though poor, were clean; no windows, but a certain subdued light made its way through the leafy canes. We procured some tumblers of new milk; and having procured mules, pursued our journey, now no longer through hills of sand, but across the country, through a wilderness of trees and flowers, the glowing production of the *tierra caliente*. We arrived about 5 o'clock at Mango de Clavo, after passing through leagues of natural garden, the property of Santa Anna.

The house is pretty, slight-looking, and kept in nice order. We were received by an aid-de-camp in uniform, and by several officers, and conducted to a large, cool, agreeable apartment, with little furniture, into which shortly entered the Senora de Santa Anna, tall, thin, and at that early hour of the morning, dressed to receive us, in clear white muslin, with white satin shoes, and with very splendid diamond earrings, brooch, and rings. She was very polite, and introduced her daughter, Guadalupe, a miniature of her mamma, in features and costume.

In a little while, entered General Santa Anna himself; a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly-dressed, rather melancholy-looking person, with one leg, apparently somewhat of an invalid; and to us, the most interesting person in the group. He has a sallow complexion; fine, dark eyes—soft and penetrating—with an interesting expression of face.—Knowing nothing of his past history, one would have said he was a philosopher, living in dignified retirement; one who had tried the world, and found that all was vanity; one who had suffered ingratitude; and who, if he were ever persuaded to emerge from his retreat, would only do so, Cincinnatus-like, to benefit his country. It is strange how frequently this expression of philosophic resignation, of placid sadness, is to be remarked on the countenances of the deepest, most ambitious, and most designing of men. C——n gave him a letter from the Queen, [of Spain,] written on the supposition of his being still President, with which he seemed well pleased, but merely made the innocent observation, "How very well the queen writes!"

It was only now and then that the expression of his eye was startling, especially when he spoke of his leg, which is cut off below the knee. He speaks of it frequently, like Sir John Ramorny of his bloody hand; and when he gives an account of his wound, and alludes to the French on that day, his countenance assumes that air of bitterness which Ramorny's may have exhibited when speaking of "Harry the Smith."

Otherwise, he made himself very agreeable, spoke a good deal of the United States, and of the persons he had known there; and in his manners, was quiet, and gentlemanlike, and altogether a more polished hero than I expected to see. To judge from the past, he will not long remain in his present state of inaction; besides having within him, according to Zavala, "a principle of action forever impelling him forward."

En attendant, breakfast was announced. The Senora de Santa Anna led me in. C——n was placed at the head of the table, I on his right, Santa Anna opposite, the Senora on my right. The breakfast was very handsome; consisting of innumerable Spanish dishes—meats and vegetables, fish and fowl, fruits and sweetmeats, all served in white and gold French porcelain; with coffee, wines, &c. After breakfast, Senora having despatched an officer for her cigar-case, which was gold, with a diamond latch, offered me a cigar, which I having declined, she lighted her own, a little paper "cigarito," and the gentlemen followed her good example.

We then proceeded to look at the out-houses, and offices; at the general's favorite war-horse, an old, white charger, probably a sincerer philosopher than his master; at several game-cocks, kept with special care, cock-fighting being a favorite recreation of Santa Anna's; and at his *litera*, which is handsome and comfortable. There are no gardens; but, as he observed, the whole country, which for twelve leagues square, belongs to him, is a garden. The appearance of the family says little for the healthiness of the *locale*; and, indeed, its beauty and fertility will not compensate for its insalubrity.

Two years afterwards, Santa Anna appears at the head of the government, surrounded by pomp more regal than republican.

A great *function* was given in the opera, in honor of his excellency. The theatre was most brilliantly illuminated with wax-lights. Two principal boxes were thrown into one, for the president and his suite, and lined with crimson and gold, with draperies of the same. The staircase leading to the second tier where this box was, was lighted by, and lined all the way up, by rows of footmen, in crimson and gold livery. A crowd of gentlemen stood waiting in the lobby, for the arrival of the hero of the fete. He came at last, in regal state, carriages and out-riders, in full gallop; himself, staff, and suite, in splendid uniform. As he entered, Senor Roca presented him with a Libretto of the opera, bound in red and gold. We met the great man, *en face*; and he stopped, and gave us a cordial reception. Two years have made little change in him, in appearance. He retains the same interesting, resigned, and rather melancholy expression; the same quiet voice, and grave, but agreeable manner; and surrounded by pompous officers, he alone looked quiet, gentlemanly, and high-bred.

It is said that at a diplomatic dinner given by Santa Anna, six colonels stood, during the whole entertainment, behind his excellency's chair! The present sent by him to the wife of the commander-in-chief, on her birth day, was a box, containing three general's belts, with a request that she would bestow them on those whom she considered most deserving of them; and the lady herself buckled the sashes on the favored knights, in her own boudoir.

The following passage details what the author justly calls a "strange scene." She had just witnessed the discipline of the female penitents—which seems to have been comparatively mild—and was then privately introduced into the church of St. Augustin, to see the

DISCIPLINE OF THE MALE PENITENTS.

When it was dark, enveloped from head to foot in a large cloak, we went to the church of St. Augustin. When we arrived, a small side-door apparently opened of itself, and we entered, passing through long, vaulted passages, and up steep, winding stairs, until we found ourselves in a small railed gallery, looking down directly upon the church. The scene was curious. About one hundred and fifty men, enveloped in cloaks and sarapes, their faces entirely concealed, were assembled in the body of the church. A monk had just mounted the pulpit, and the church was dimly lighted, except where he stood, in bold relief, with his gray robe and cowl thrown back, giving a full view of his high, bold forehead, and expressive face.

His discourse was a very forcible and eloquent description of the torments prepared in hell for impenitent sinners. The effect of the whole was very solemn. It appeared like a preparation for the execution of a multitude of condemned criminals. When the discourse was finished, they all joined in the prayer, with much fervor and enthusiasm, beating their breasts, and falling upon their faces. Then the monk stood up, and in a very distinct voice, read several passages of scripture descriptive of the sufferings of Christ. The organ then struck up the *Miserere*, and of a sudden the church was plunged in profound darkness, all but a sculptured representation of the crucifixion, which seemed to hang in the air illuminated. I felt rather frightened, and would have been glad to leave the church, but it would have been impossible, in the darkness. Suddenly, a terrible voice in the dark cried, "My brothers, when Christ was fastened to the pillar by the Jews, he was *scourged*. At these words, the bright figure disappeared, and the darkness became total. Suddenly, we heard the sound of scourges descending upon the bare flesh. I cannot conceive anything more horrible. Before ten minutes had passed, the sound became splashing, from the blood that was flowing.

I have heard of these penitences in Italian churches, and also that half of those who go there do not really scourge themselves; but here, where there is such perfect concealment, there seems no motive for deception. Incredible as it may seem, this awful penance continued without intermission, for half an hour. If they scourged *each other*, their energy might be less astonishing.

We could not leave the church, but it was perfectly sickening; and had I not been able to take hold of the Senora's hand, and feel something human beside me, I could have fancied myself transported into a congregation of evil spirits. Now and then, but very seldom, a suppressed groan was heard, and occasionally the voice of the monk, encouraging them by ejaculations, or by short passages from scripture. Sometimes the organ struck up, and the poor wretches, in a faint voice, tried to join in the *Miserere*. The sound of the scourging is indescribable. At the end of half an hour, a little bell was rung, and the voice of the monk was heard, calling upon them to desist; but such was their enthusiasm, that the horrible lashing continued louder and fiercer than ever.

In vain he entreated them not to kill themselves; and assured them that Heaven would be satisfied, and that human nature could not endure beyond a certain point. No answer, but the loud sound of the scourges, which are many of them of iron, with sharp points that enter the flesh. At length, as if they were perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and little by little ceased altogether. We then got up in the dark, and, with great difficulty, groped our way in the pitch darkness through the galleries and down the stairs, till we reached the door, and had the pleasure of feeling the fresh air again. They say that the church floor is frequently covered with blood, after one of those penances; and that a man died the other day, in consequence of his wounds.

THE LAMA.

The lama is the only animal associated with man and undebased by the contact. The lama will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as a guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian, becoming uneasy towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hand coaxingly towards the lamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates ic-ic-ic-ic. If the lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill-humor, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker—but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions—all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so in fact; for the lama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the lama will not willingly perform, the instant this animal finds itself affronted, by words or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight, (the lama is never tied or fettered,) he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely from his eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians, amounts to reverence.

When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head, that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading. If they exceed a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the lama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion, that he has learned to die when overtasked.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

A PARTY MAN.

A party man is seldom an agreeable companion. His theory is so narrow, and his creed so small, that like his shoes, they seem made for his exclusive use. He is amazed that any one should doubt the accuracy of his system, because he is satisfied with it. His judgment is biased, and resembles a pair of scales, the beam of which is ever awry. General society is so imperfect, that he cannot endure it; and in the investigation of its laws, his aim is not to enjoy that which is right, but exult over that which is wrong. He fares, therefore, as a certain countryman did, who took the trouble of extracting the husks from a bushel of wheat; he has the chaff for himself. He surveys creation through the medium of a contracted vision; and is apt to forget that he is not the only man who has a claim upon the bounty of the skies. He pities people who differ from his persuasion, and wonders how it is that others dream of being right. He revolves in a circle, of which the centre is himself. Those who are squeezed in with him, are the lucky few: all without are nothing, if not something worse. Unused to much thinking, and too impatient to pursue it, petty purposes, and a kind of pin's-head policy, are all he compasses. His cause appears great, because he will look at no other. A maggot in a nut might come to the same conclusion, and for a similar reason, because he has a maggot mind. He is struck with the degeneracy of all around. People, too, are so ignorant. And if wisdom should die with him, matters, he is sure, would be worse. In these sweeping censures, he never suspects the prejudices of his own mind, though they produce a jaundiced yellowness on all he inspects. Of this, everybody is sensible, but himself. They smile, at his folly; and were it not that he flies off at a tangent, some charitable person might undertake to undeceive him. He expects, after death, to go to heaven. It is devoutly hoped he may. That, he thinks, is a place just large enough to contain himself, and those who subscribe to his opinions.

GRACE DARLING.

By the last arrival from England, we have a positive annunciation of the death of this noble-minded girl,—a heroine who, by the way, is as remarkable for the peculiar felicity of her name, as for the courageous exploit which has made that name famous, and which, we presume, it is not necessary to remind our readers of. The National Gazette remarks,—Her story was one of those curious instances in which an excellent and wide-spread notoriety is unexpectedly gained by a good deed, that sought no recompense of reputation, and it almost compels us to moralize upon what a strange thing this fame is. Millions of our race are passing through life, known only, each within his own little neighborhood, and forgotten at sunset on his burial day. The scholar plods on in his lonely drudgery, year after year, till his brain grows as dry as an autumn leaf;—the professional man is honorably and usefully active during a long career in his path of life; and how scant, both in space and time is for the most part the extent of their reputation. Yet in a stormy hour a poor girl, living by the seaside, is actuated by an impulse of heroic self-sacrifice, and trusting to no other human help than the strength of her own arm and that of an old man, she commits herself, in a frail boat, to the surges of an angry sea, in the hope of a strong faith that she could save the almost desperate victims of a shipwreck. Straightway the name of that young woman speeds round the whole earth, and there is not a civilized land which has not become familiar with the genuine heroism of that hour of her life. Surely, this fame is a strange thing.

AGRICULTURAL ANECDOTE.

A knowledge of the habits of animals is sometimes of great service, even in the salvation of cities. James, in his recent history of the Black Prince, gives an amusing instance of this in the defense of Rennes, a town of Britanny, besieged by the Duke of Lancaster. In order to effect the surrender of the place, the duke enforced a strict blockade, which soon reduced the garrison to great straits; but he knew they would hold out to the last extremity, and determined to try a trick of war. For this purpose he drew off his soldiers, as if he had left the place, and formed an ambuscade in some bushes behind the town. He then caused a number of hogs to be turned loose in the plain, in the hope that the starving garrison would rush out for the prize. But they understood his trick, and turned it to their own advantage. They opened one of the sally-ports, and hung up a young sow by the hind legs to the lintel. She of course made a great outcry, and the hogs came rushing up to the place from whence the noise proceeded; she was then cut down and driven through one of the streets, and forced to keep up her music. The soldiers sprang up from their ambuscade, in order to try and if possible prevent this unlooked for termination of their experiment; but James says, the hogs, with that intuitive perception of the way their masters do not wish them to go, which has ever marked their nature, went rushing tumultuously into the town, and afforded the garrison very seasonable relief.

STRONG SYMPATHY IN A DOG.

An interesting instance of this feeling in the canine species, is related in an English print, the authenicity of which it says may be relied on. At a large sheep farm in Perthshire, the overseer became severely indisposed, and for the first ten days after their master had taken to his bed, his faithful collies refused to be comforted, mournfully declining all sorts of food, nay, even milk warm from the cow, at last pressed upon them by the domestic. At length their case became so serious—for they were otherwise valuable dogs—that the overseer's mother was prevailed upon to inform her sick son, though at the time very low, of the circumstance, begging of him, as a *dernier* resort, to try what effect his own word would still have upon the mute mourners. By an effort he succeeded, in a weak voice, to name his favorites, pointing, at the same time, to some food placed at hand for the trial. This gentle command had its effect; the dogs at once obeyed, and have since, as if it were still repeated to them, which it is not likely ever to be again, continued to take as much as supports life; but once every day, at least, and oftener, if opportunity offer, they glide together into the room where the sick man is, slip stealthily to the bedside, raise their fore-paws upon the bed-clothes, and in this attitude continue together for some time to gaze intently on the pallid features of their now unconscious master, and then droopingly retire out of the room.

THE FLYING MACHINE.

A Mr. McDermott, in Louisiana, writes to the New Orleans Tropic the following description of a flying machine of his invention. He acknowledges that he finds it difficult to "embody" this "conception of the mind."

"I have a kite one hundred and ten feet in length, twenty feet broad, and tapering to each end like the wings of the fish-hawk. Under the centre of the kite I have a frame eighteen feet high, in which I stand. Under the kite are four wings, which operate horizontally, like the oars of a boat. The blades of the oars are each twenty square feet in surface. They are moved by the muscles of the legs. The blades of the oars are made of a series of valves, resembling Venetian blinds, so that they open when they move forward, and close when the stroke is made. The wood part is of canes, the braces of wire—the kite of cotton cloth, the tail of the same material. The kite has an angle of ten degrees to the horizon."

A man in New Orleans has invented another, which he thus describes:

"A hollow machine, about twenty feet long, is made precisely in the shape of the body of a bird, and *inside* this will stand or sit the aerial navigator when he makes his experiment—by light and simple machinery working a pair of wings modelled precisely after those of a bird."

Miscellaneous Items.

Legislative Delay.—The Northampton Courier says, that Capt. Wm. Smith, who for the last ten years has been an inmate of the Northampton almshouse, has just claims against the government, for French spoliations, prior to 1800, to the amount of $40,000. In 1798 and '99, he commanded, at different times, three vessels, in the cargoes of which he was interested to the amount of $10,000, prime cost; all of which vessels were captured by French privateers, and, with their cargoes, confiscated. The French government made compensation for these damages, more than forty years ago, and the money was used in the purchase of Louisiana. Captain Smith has sent a petition to Washington for relief, which is dated at the Northampton poorhouse.

Private Enterprise.—It is stated, in a communication from General A. A. Brisbane, of Georgia, that he has constructed a railroad in that State, 76 miles in length, with 150 laborers, and only a cash capital of $15,000—the laborers being the owners of the road. The cash was applied to the support of the workmen. Thirty of these stockholders were poor Irishmen, who had been thrown out of work, and whom Gen. Brisbane collected in Charleston, S. C. This road was commenced in 1839.

Rotary Knitting Looms.—An ingenious master mechanic, of this city, has invented a rotary knitting loom, which possesses the power of knitting, narrowing, widening to any desirable patterns, and with most astonishing rapidity, all kinds of knit goods. It is truly a wonderful machine, and will soon be put in operation. The capitalist will find in this machine a rare chance for profitable investment.—*Boston Mail.*

Improvement in Hemp.—It is an important fact to hemp growers, that a process has been discovered, by which hemp can at little expense be made as white as snow, so that it may be used in manufacturing the finest and whitest paper. The proprietors of one of the largest paper establishments in the West, have recently held a correspondence with a house in this city, with a view of obtaining hemp-tow and hemp-waste from our manufactories. A sample of hemp-waste has been sent to them, with an offer to furnish it, ready baled, at two cents a pound. We have no doubt that this kind of hemp will be soon sought after by the paper makers.—Linen rags have always been very scarce in the West, and the importation of them has nearly ceased in the East Indies, since the tariff. Hemp, now that the bleaching process is discovered, will supply the place of linen rags, which are worth from six to nine cents a pound.—*Louisville Journal.*

Beautiful Sentiment.—At the late celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, by the New England Society of New Orleans, Judge Porter, of Louisiana, responded to a call upon him, which is thus noticed by the Picayune:

"Quite the happiest speech of the evening, was that of Judge Porter, which kept the table in a roar, while it touched deeply the sensibilities of every Yankee present. He closed his remarks with the following sentiment:

'The Rock of Plymouth.—The prophet of old struck the rock, and living waters gushed forth. The pilgrim fathers touched New England, and virtue, learning, civilization, and freedom, sprung up beneath their feet.'

A New England man should hear this sentiment introduced with graceful eloquence, and in a strange land, to appreciate the emotions it excited."

Cruelty to Animals.—Charles Hall, hack-driver, of Boston, has been indicted by the grand jury of the municipal court in that city, on a charge of killing a horse by starvation. The Boston Mercantile Journal says: "This poor horse could not be called a *dumb* beast; for so pathetic, eloquent, and penetrating were his distressful moanings and groanings, during the process of starvation, that they reached even the ears and hearts of the watchmen, nightly patrolling their rounds, and produced the prosecution."

Change for the Better.—One of the Santa Fé prisoners, named Henry Winchell, opened a school in Mexico, and is a favorite of Santa Anna's, whose daughter he is teaching to write.

Terrible Accident.—Miss Kingsbury, 18 years of age, of Cortland county, New-York, was accidentally shot in the head by her brother—the ball tearing out both her eyes, and the upper part of her nose. The unfortunate girl was as comfortable as could be expected from the nature of the wound.

Progress in Public Opinion.—A man named Schmidt has been tried and found guilty of fighting a duel in St. Martinsville, La. The judge fined him $50 and costs—declaring, that for a second offense, he should enforce the rigor of the law.

Little Rock, (Ark.) Dec. 21.—We have been informed, by a gentleman from the Cross Timbers, about two hundred miles from Fort Gibson, that he fifty-two negroes who had robbed the store of Messrs. Bigelow and Wames, at Webber's Falls, about a month ago, had been pursued by a party of Cherokees, headed by John Drew, and a party of Creeks, headed by I-h-o-p-tho-lo-la, and overtaken. The negroes showed a disposition to fight, and an engagement ensued; two of them were killed, one wounded, and twelve taken prisoners. The balance made their escape. We are informed that thirty-five of these negroes belong to Mr. Vann, of the Cherokee nation.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

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